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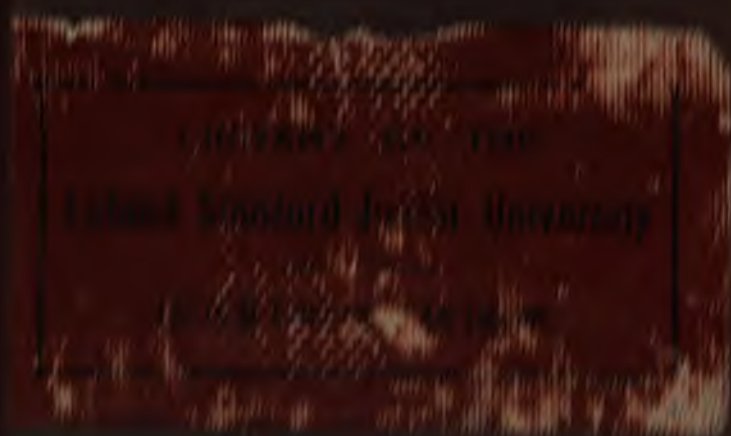
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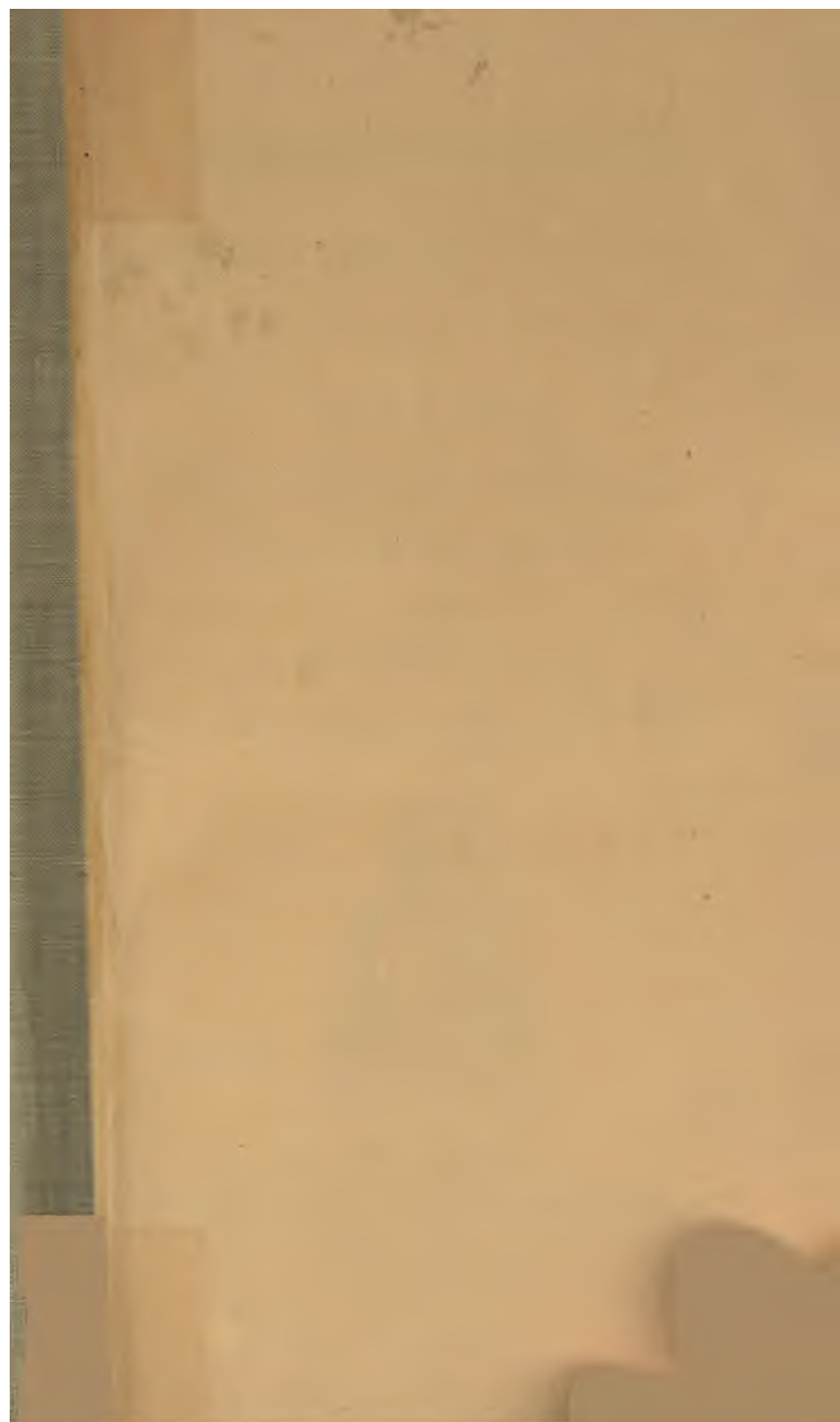
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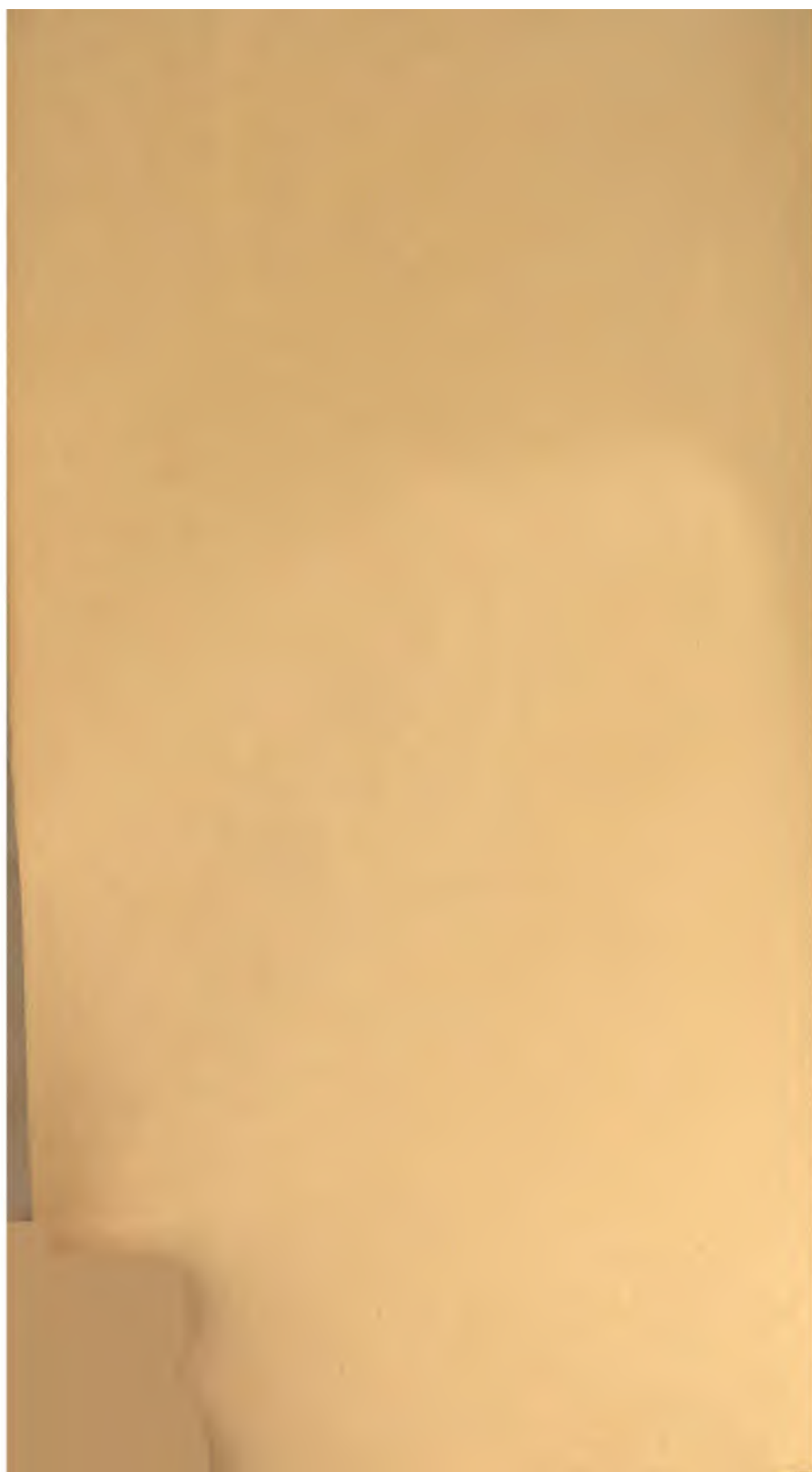


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PIERCE PENNILESS'S
SUPPLICATION TO THE DEVIL.

BY

THOMAS NASH.

FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF 1592,

COMPARED WITH LATER IMPRESSIONS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

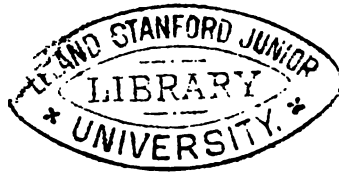
BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.



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INTRODUCTION.

The ensuing tract is reprinted from the earliest impression, an edition of extreme rarity, and we have compared it with subsequent copies in 1592, 1593, and 1595, the two last of which are of more frequent occurrence, though all difficult to be procured. The author, in one of his subsequent works, ("Have with you to Saffron Walden,") informs us that his "Pierce Penniless" had been six times printed between 1592 and 1596, but we have not been able to meet with more than five impressions of those years. Its popularity was extraordinary.

Many years ago, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, whose knowledge of such matters was great, and whose taste and judgment were good, issued a prospectus for a reprint of "Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil;" but his proposal (never carried into effect) was to adopt the text of the second, and not of the first edition, which, probably, he could not obtain. The differences are trifling, in no case (the preliminary matter excepted) more than verbal, but, having the earliest impression in our hands, we have thought it expedient to

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king prisoner, and forcing both him and the dauphin to swear fealty!" We know of no existing play in which precisely such scenes are contained, and we may, therefore, conclude that our old stage was in possession of three dramas founded upon the events of the reign of Henry V., viz. that described by Nash; "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," first printed in 1598, and Shakespeare's historical play.

Another circumstance connected with the name of Shakespeare renders Nash's "Pierce Penniless" especially interesting. We find, in a poem near the commencement of it, two lines, which are also contained verbatim in a drama, printed in 1608, with "written by W. Shakspeare" on the title-page, and reprinted in 1619, subsequently included in the third folio impression of his works in 1664. The internal evidence that he had some concern in the production of it seems at least as strong as the external, for "The Yorkshire Tragedy" comprises lines which could scarcely have proceeded from any other pen. How the couplet

"Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell,"

came to be borrowed from Nash, and inserted in "The Yorkshire Tragedy," it is, perhaps, vain to speculate. It was a short drama, got up in a hurry on a melancholy incident, of then recent occurrence, and possibly the lines we have quoted were in the mind of the writer of "The Yorkshire Tragedy," and were transferred to the play, because they could be so conveniently and appositely introduced.

But, besides these peculiar and especial claims to the

take that as our original, comparing it as we proceeded with later copies : to any subsequent to 1595, it was not necessary to resort.

This reprint, on several accounts, comes peculiarly within the province of the Shakespeare Society. It contains the earliest defence of theatres and theatrical performances and actors, (with the exception of Lodge's tract, in answer to Gosson's "School of Abuse") and in its pages are found those two very curious notices of historical plays, which Shakespeare is supposed to have seen, if not to have employed. "How would it have joyed brave Talbot," (exclaims Nash, p. 60 of our reprint) "the terror of the French, to think that after he had lain two hundred year in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." This passage is believed to refer to a lost play, of which Shakespeare made use in his "Henry VI." Part I.; and it establishes the great popularity of the subject, because, at the date referred to, it is probable that none of our public theatres would contain more than about four or five hundred persons: thus, the drama must have been represented at least twenty times before crowded audiences, in order to make up the number of "ten thousand spectators." Another passage, which will be read with interest, in relation to the works of our great dramatist, is the following: — "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French

king prisoner, and forcing both him and the dauphin to swear fealty!" We know of no existing play in which precisely such scenes are contained, and we may, therefore, conclude that our old stage was in possession of three dramas founded upon the events of the reign of Henry V., viz. that described by Nash; "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," first printed in 1598, and Shakespeare's historical play.

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But, besides these peculiar and especial claims to the

attention of all who are interested in whatever relates to Shakespeare and his productions, "Pierce Penniless" is a very singular, highly finished, and, in many respects, amusing picture of the manners of the times when it was written. Some of the descriptions of persons and habits of different grades of society have remarkable force, and obvious fidelity, and carry with them the conviction, that little is to be allowed even for the exaggerations of a poet.

Nash was a young man who had mixed in most of the scenes he paints; and his style is unusually pure and free from those inflations and bombastic expressions, which, as we read, induce a doubt as to the truth and accuracy of the representations of which they form a part. His eloquence is natural and flowing; and although now and then we meet with what may be looked upon as a trifling affectation of scholastic learning, yet compared with many, if not most, of his scribbling contemporaries, he is very free from this defect: his writings are generally to be regarded as models of choice, nervous, and idiomatic English. If not the best, he was certainly one of the best prose authors of the period in which he flourished. As a vigorous, pungent, and bitterly satirical writer, it may be doubted whether he ever had his equal in our language.

At the time when he produced "Pierce Penniless," he must have been a young man, and in one place he speaks of his "beardless years." He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his degree of B.A. in 1585.^a This is almost the only date connected with his

^a He tells us himself in his "Lenten Stuff," 1599, a tract in praise of red herrings, reprinted in both editions of the Harleian Miscellany,

private history that can be fixed with certainty ; but he is supposed to have quitted the university in some disgrace about 1586, and he certainly never proceeded Master of Arts. The cause of his disgrace has nowhere been explained, and we find the consequences of it thus alluded to by the anonymous author of a tract called "Polymanteia," printed in 1595: "Cambridge, make thy two children friends: thou hast been unkind to one to wean him before his time, and too fond upon the other to keep him so long without preferment: the one is ancient, and of much reading; the other is young, but full of wit." The one who was "ancient, and of much reading," was Nash's antagonist, Gabriel Harvey, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter; the other, to whom Cambridge had been "unkind" in "weaning him before his time," and who was "full of wit," was Nash; and the expression is too unequivocal (coupling it with the fact that Nash never became M.A.) to allow us to doubt that he left his college under some imputation of misconduct. It has been stated that he was concerned in writing a satirical production, called *Terminus et non*

that he was born at Leostoff, in Suffolk, but he does not give any date. He farther informs us that his family belonged to the Nash's of Herefordshire. He addressed a private letter to Sir Robert Cotton, (preserved in the British Museum, and printed in "The Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," i., 303) and called him his "right worshipfull and loving cousin." Like nearly all Nash's compositions, it is full of curious allusions to circumstances of the time, among others to the publication of Sir J. Harington's "Metamorphosis of Ajax," which serves to fix the date of the letter shortly after 1596. Nash was then poor, and pleaded poverty to Sir Robert Cotton, observing, "I am merry now, though I have ne'er a penny in my purse."

Terminus, which gave great offence, and that his partner in the composition, whoever he might be, was expelled. No record of the expulsion of Nash, if, indeed, such memorials were preserved at that date, has been discovered.

It appears from more than one of Nash's productions, that he had visited Italy,^b and that he had also been in Ireland before 1589: possibly he travelled for a short time after he had been ejected from Cambridge; but we find him in London in 1587, in which year he wrote a very amusing and clever introductory epistle to a tract by the celebrated Robert Greene, called "*Menaphon*," afterwards better known by the name of "*Greene's Arcadia*," the title it bore in the later impressions.^c This

^b The passage upon this point in Nash's "*Almond for a Parrot*," (printed without date, but anterior to 1590) is too curious, with reference both to him and Kemp, the actor of Dogberry, Peter, &c., in Shakespeare's plays, to require any excuse for quoting it. "Coming (says Nash) from Venice this last summer, and taking Bergamo in my way homeward to England, it was my hap, sojourning there some four or five days, to light in fellowship with that famous Francattip harlequin, who, perceiving me to be an Englishman by my habit and speech, asked me many particulars of the order and manner of our plays, which he termed by the name of representations. Amongst other talk, he inquired of me if I knew any such *Parabolano*, here in London, as *Signior Charlatano Kempino*? Very well, (quoth I) and have been often in his company. He hearing me say so, began to embrace me anew, and offered me all the courtesy he could for his sake, saying, although he knew him not, yet for the report he had heard of his pleasance, he could not but be in love with his perfections being absent." Mr. Halliwell, in his notes to the *Ludus Coventriæ*, printed for this Society, has shewn (p. 410) that Kemp afterwards visited Italy.

^c We take the date of Greene's "*Menaphon*," 1587, from the edition of that author's "*Dramatic Works*," by the Rev. A. Dyce. He does not seem to have met with any copy of it of so early a date

seems to have been Nash's earliest appearance in the character of an author, but his style, even at that period, is remarkable for its vivacity, grace, and facility.

He promised his "Anatomy of Absurditie" in that epistle, and accordingly it came out in 1589, but several other productions in the same year are attributed to him. It is certain that about this date he embarked in his contest with the Puritans, and directed against them a powerful battery of satire and ridicule in various publications. This was the opening of what was termed the "Martin-Marprelate controversy," in which Nash belaboured his adversaries without measure or mercy. At this period he wrote his "Plaine Percevall, the Peace-maker of England," 1589; "Martin's Month's Mind," 1589; "The Return of the renowned Cavaliero, Pasquil of England," 1589; his "Almond for a Parrot," which is without date, but certainly published before 1590; and his "Pasquil's Apology," which bears date in that year. Some of these pieces are anonymous, but there is little doubt that they came from his pen, and they are all in the same free and unrestrained style of witty sarcasm, convincing argument, and ludicrous invective. Even deprived of the temporary interest which belonged to the subject, all these productions are extremely pleasant reading, and while going through them, we are astonished at the exhaustless stores of the writer's terms of humorous oburgation. ✓

The adversaries of Nash in this literary conflict were as 1587, and quotes the title-page of the impression of 1589. It was also printed in 1599, 1605, 1610, 1616, and 1634. It was reprinted in vol. i. of "Archaica," edited by the late Sir Egerton Brydges.

"legion;" but they were no match for him at any point but in tedious quotations from Scripture. Having silenced them, at least for a time, his next antagonist was a single individual, of great learning and considerable talents, whose name has before been introduced—Gabriel Harvey. There were three Harveys, Gabriel, Richard, and John, and Nash and his friend, Robert Greene, unluckily discovered that they were the sons of a rope-maker. John and Richard Harvey were astronomers, or, perhaps more properly, astrologers, and published some predictions (referred to in the body of the tract now reprinted), which never came to pass, although the writers were imprudent enough to stake their professional reputation upon their punctual fulfilment. Nash laughed at their disappointment; and, as we may conclude from what is said in "*Pierce Penniless*," thereby incurred the wrath of Gabriel Harvey, who came forward in defence of his brothers, and incidentally of himself against the imputation of the lowness of their origin. Nash retorted in his "*Wonderful Strange Astrological Prognostication*," which made its appearance in 1591, and to which Gabriel Harvey replied, as we learn from Nash, promulgating the name of the author, which, we apprehend, (for we have never seen the tract) was concealed. Hence the revenge taken by Nash in some of the following pages, though he conceals the name of the individual who had made the attack upon him.

There seems little reason to doubt that Nash wrote "*Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*," to relieve himself from pressing temporary necessity. He avows his extreme poverty in the outset, and laments the little

encouragement given by the rich to writers, whether of poetry or prose. The first edition was published (as will be seen by our exact reprint of the title-page) by Richard Jones, who was the "book-midwife" to many authors of the day, especially to those whose productions were of a lighter and more popular character. Whether Nash sold the MS. to him does not appear; but he was absent when it was printed, and the probability is that he did procure money for it from Jones: in his epistle before the second edition, (which we shall insert presently) he does not pretend that the bookseller had come unfairly by the copy. The principal ground of Nash's complaint was that the publisher had put a "long-tailed title" to it, and had thus let the author, "in the forefront of his book, make a tedious mountebank's oration to the reader." This of itself is somewhat curious, if not important, as a piece of literary history, since it shews that in many cases the lengthy laudatory title-pages to tracts of the time were not the composition of the writer of the body of the work, but of the bookseller who wished to make it sell. It strongly confirms, too, the opinion of some of the commentators on Shakespeare, that, when we find his "Merchant of Venice" called "a most excellent history," or "Love's Labours Lost" a "fine conceited comedy," the author of those plays had nothing to do with such descriptive designations. Nash was decidedly opposed to such "tricks of trade," and, accordingly, the "forefront" of the second edition of his "Pierce Penniless" was, as he directed, simply in these terms:

"Pierce Penillesse his Supplication to the Diuell. *Barbaria grandis*

habere nihil. Written by Thomas Nash, Gent. London, printed by Abell Jeffes, for I. B. 1592."

Nash's letter to Jeffes, preceding this impression, is well worth preserving, and we subjoin it, by permission, from a copy in the library of Lord Francis Egerton.

"*A private Epistle of the Author to the Printer. Wherein his full meaning and purpose (in publishing this booke) is set foorth.*

"Faith, I am verie sorrie (sir) I am thus unawares betrayed to infamie. You write to me, my book is hasting to the second impression: he that hath once broke the ice of impudence need not care how deepe he wade in discredit. I confesse it to be a meer toy, not deseruing any judicial mans view: if it haue found any friends, so it is; you knowe very wel that it was abroad a fortnight ere I knewe of it, & vncorrected and vnfinished, it hath offred it selfe to the open scorne of the world. Had you not beene so forward in the republishing of it, you shold haue had certayne epistles to orators and poets, to insert to the later end: as, namely, to the ghost of *Machevill*, of *Tully*, of *Ovid*, of *Roscus*, of *Pace*, the Duke of Norfolk's jester; and, lastly, to the ghost of *Robert Greene*, telling him what a coyle there is with pamphleting on him after his death. These were prepared for *Pierce Penilesse* first setting foorth, had not the feare of infection detained mee with my lord in the countrey.

"Now, this is that I woulde haue you to do in this second edition. First, cut off that long-tayled title, and let mee not, in the forefront of my booke, make a tedious mountebank's oration to the reader, when in the whole there is nothing praise-worthie.

"I heare say, there bee obscure imitators, that goe about to frame a second part to it, and offer it to sell in Paules Church-yard and elsewhere, as from mee. Let mee request you (as ever you will expect any favour at my hands) to get some body to write an epistle before it, ere you set it to sale againe, importing thus much:—that if any such lewde devise intrude it selfe to their hands, it is a cosenage, and plaine knauery of him that sels it, to get mony, and that I haue no manner of interest or acquaintance with it. Indeed, if my leysure were such as I could wish, I might haps (halfe a yeaere hence) write the returne of the *Knight of the Post from Hel*, with the

Devils answer to the *Supplication*; but, as for a second part of *Pierce Penilesse*, it is a most ridiculous rogerie.

“Other news I am aduertised of, that a scald trivial lying pamphlet, cald *Greens Groats-worth of Wit*, is given out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but utterly renounce me, if the least word or sillable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way privie to the writing or printing of it. I am growne at length to see into the vanity of the world more than euer I did, and now I condemne my selfe for nothing so much as playing the dolt in print. Out vpon it! it is odious, specially in this moralizing age, wherein euery one seeks to shew himselfe a polititian by mis-interpreting. In one place of my booke *Pierce Penilesse* saith, but to the knight of the post, *I pray how might I call you*; & they say I meant one *Howe*, a knaue of that trade, that I neuer heard of before. The antiquaries are offended without cause, thinking I goe about to detract from that excellent profession, when (God is my witnesse) I reverence it as much as any of them all, and had no manner of allusion to them that stumble at it. I hope they wil giue me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of al other; but to say I utterly condemne it as an unfruitfull studie, or seeme to despise the excellent qualified partes of it, is a most false and injurious surmise. There is nothing that, if a man list, he may not wrest or pervert: I cannot forbid anie to thinke villainously. *Sed caveat emptor*. Let the interpreter beware, for none euer hard me make allegories of an idle text. Write who wil against me, but let him look his life be without scandale; for if he touch me neuer so little, Ile be as good as the Blacke Booke to him & his kindred. Beggerly lyes no beggerly wit but can invent: who spurneth not at a dead dogge? but I am of another mettall: they shall know that I liue as their evil angel, to haunt them world without end, if they disquiet me without cause. Farewell, and let me heare from you as soone as it is come forth. I am the plagues prisoner in the country as yet: if the sickness cease before the thirde impression, I wil come and alter what-soeuer may be offensive to any man, and bring you the latter ende.

“Your friend,

“THO. NASH.”

There are several passages in the preceding epistle which require brief notice. In the first place, it appears that Nash had by this time found a patron, for he says that "the fear of infection had detained him with his lord in the country." This nobleman may have been the personage whom Nash celebrates under the name of Amyntas, at the conclusion of "Pierce Penniless," and to whom he there contends Spenser ought to have inserted a sonnet with the others at the end of his "Faerie Queene," 1590. While Nash was thus resident with his lord in the country, his "Summer's Last Will and Testament" was performed as a private show, and a clue may be afforded to the name of the peer who had taken Nash under his protection, by the fact that it was represented at Croydon, as appears from the piece itself.^d Internal evidence proves that it was acted in the autumn of 1592. The terms in which Nash speaks of his dead friend Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" (which originally came out in 1592) are deserving remark. It appears that the authorship of it had been imputed to Nash; and this we learn, not merely on the evidence of Nash himself in the preceding "epistle," but on that of Henry Chettle, who published his "Kind Heart's Dream" (without date) early in 1593. Nash somewhat angrily repudiates Greene's tract as "a scald, trivial, lying pamphlet;" and,

^d See a reprint of it, from the only impression in 1600, in the last edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," which also contains Peele's "Edward the First," 1593, Lodge's "Wounds of Civil War," 1594, and Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," 1594, as well as "Appius and Virginia," by R. B., 1575, and the interlude of "The World and the Child," 1522, all for the first time included in that Collection.

possibly, one of the "lying" portions of it, in the opinion of Nash, was that in which an attack was made upon Shakespeare as "the only Shake-scene of a country," and as "an upstart crow, beautified with the feathers" of other poets. We have the more reason to believe that this injurious character of our great dramatist was rejected by his contemporaries, because, in the preliminary matter to his "Kind Heart's Dream," Chettle himself apologises for it in terms that do him great credit.^e As he had committed a wrong, he was anxious to make the earliest and best amends in his power.

"The Black Book," spoken of by Nash, may have been the work which the Rev. Mr. Dyce places among Greene's tracts, called "The Black Bookes Messenger," printed in 1592. In 1604 was published a pamphlet, called "The Black Book," which has been assigned to Middleton, and which must have been a considerably later production.

Nash, in his letter to Jeffes, with some indignation

^e See the excellent reprint of this very rare and interesting tract (of which only two copies seem to be known), made under the able superintendence of Mr. Rimbault for the Percy Society. Chettle (speaking, no doubt, of Shakespeare, although he does not name him) there says that "he had himself seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professed: besides [he adds] divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art," (p. iv.) This was intended by Chettle, and no doubt received by Shakespeare, as sufficient amends for the offensive expressions in the "Groatsworth of Wit." Nash, we may be certain, wrote to Jeffes before "Kind Heart's Dream" was published.

disavows any "second part" to his "Pierce Penniless," and denies that he had had any hand in such a production, should it be offered for sale in the trade; at the same time he admits that, if leisure permitted, he might be disposed to write "The Return of the Knight of the Post from Hell with the Devil's Answer to the Supplication;" and an anonymous piece, with a corresponding title, came out in 1606, considerably after Nash's death, and which in name alone resembled the original. Dekker, too, in the same year, put forth a tract, which he called "News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier," in which he endeavoured, though only with moderate success, to imitate the humorous and satirical vein of his predecessor.

The literary "flyting," (as it would have been called in Scotland) between Nash and Gabriel Harvey, was maintained for several years,^f with one considerable interval, when hostilities ceased, as if a truce had been agreed to by each party. As this subject has been as accurately as entertainingly treated by Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Ca-

^f It is thus alluded to by the celebrated old poet, Thomas Churchyard, who began writing under Lord Sarrey, and did not lay down his pen, till he laid down his life in 1604: the following stanza is from his "Pleasant Conceit penned in Verse," 1593.

"No writer now dare say the crowe is blacke,
For cruell kytes will crave the cause and why:
A faire white goose bears feathers on her backe,
That gaggles still, much like a chattering pye.
The angel bright, that Gabrill is, in sky
Shall know that Nash I love and will doe still,

When Gabrill's words scarce win our world's good will."

Nash had secured the permanent kindness of Churchyard by praising his ballad of "Shore's Wife," which some enemies of the veteran versifier had insisted was too good to have been written by him.

lamities of Authors," it is not necessary to enter farther into the subject here, than to make the following quotation from Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, with reference to the origin of the quarrel. It is to be observed that this admirable tract terminated the hostility between the parties, for the heavy-harnessed Harvey never again ventured to enter the lists with his light-armed, active, and most annoying antagonist.^g In the pamphlet last mentioned, Nash asserts that the quarrel was entirely of Harvey's "seeking and beginning, in *The Lamb of God* [a work mentioned in the ensuing pages], where he and his brother * * * scummed out betwixt them an epistle to the readers against all poets and writers; and M. Lily [the dramatic poet, and author of *Pap with a Hatchet*] and me by name he beruffianised and berascalled, compared to Martin, and termed us piperly make-plays and make-bates, yet bade us hold our peace, and not be so hardy as to answer him; for, if we did, he would make a bloody day in Paul's Church-yard, and splinter our pens till they straddled again as wide as a pair of compasses." — (Sign. V 2.) Nash's rancour against Harvey was increased by the fact that the latter wrote a most severe and gross attack upon Greene after his death, and when he seems to have supposed that nobody would be ready to take up the cudgels for that prolific pamphleteer.

We have already noticed Nash's "Summer's Last

^g If Harvey ever replied, it was in the character of Richard Lichfield, the Cambridge barber, in a small tract, entitled "The Trimming of Thomas Nash," printed in 1597. The contest was then put a stop to by the public authorities.

Will and Testament," acted in 1592, but not printed until 1600. He also assisted Marlowe in the composition of their fine tragedy, "Dido, Queen of Carthage," printed in 1594, the year after the death of the great poet, who, we may conjecture, had the principal share in the composition. These are the only dramatic works in which Nash was concerned that have come down to our day, but he wrote and suffered in 1597 for a play called "The Isle of Dogs," which no doubt was of a satirical description, and gave so much offence that Henslowe's company, by which it was acted, was silenced for a time, and the author, after having been brought before the Privy Council, was imprisoned. How long he was confined no authority that we have met with mentions; but when he wrote his "Lenten Stuff," in 1599, he alluded to it himself with evident satisfaction, as a trouble from which he had escaped without injury to his character.

It will be seen that, near the commencement of the ensuing tract, Nash introduces the name of Sir Philip Sidney, as that of a man who knew how to value and reward learning and talents. Nash, in the preceding year, had contributed to the popularity of Sidney by editing an impression of his poems, prefacing it by a long and interesting letter, of which no notice has ever been taken, on account of the extraordinary rarity of the volume to which it belongs. Only a single copy of it is known; and as it is in a private collection, and may never be accessible to those who are curious in such matters, a literal copy of the title-page will not be unacceptable:

“Syr P. S. His Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweete Poesie is concluded. To the end of which are added sundry other rare Sonnets of divers Noblemen and Gentlemen. At London, Printed for Thomas Newman. Anno Domini, 1591.”

The miscellaneous poems at the end of this “Astrophel and Stella” are chiefly by Samuel Daniel, twenty-eight of whose sonnets are inserted: all of these, with the exception of four, were included in the “Delia” of 1592, and in subsequent editions of that beautiful work: in the first impression of 1592, Daniel complains that “a greedy printer had published some of his sonnets with those of Sir Philip Sidney,” referring to Nash’s edition of “Astrophel and Stella.” Some poems by E. O., meaning, no doubt, the Earl of Oxford, and by anonymous versifiers, who subscribe “Content,” and *Meglora Spero*, accompany Daniel’s sonnets; and the *unique* volume is concluded by the two subsequent stanzas, to which no name, initial, nor motto is subscribed, and which we may conclude, both from that circumstance and from their tenor, were by Nash. The lines are not much in themselves, but the existence of them has never been hinted at by any of the biographers of Nash, nor by a single bibliographical antiquary.

“If flouds of teares could clense my follies past,
And smokes of sighes might sacrifice for sin;
If groning cries might salve my fault at last,
Or endles mone for error pardon win;
Then would I crie, weepe, sigh, and ever mone
Mine error, fault, sins, follies, past and gone.

“I see my hopes must wither in their bud;
I see my favours are no lasting flowers;

I see that words will breath no better good
Than losse of time, and lightning but at howers :
Then, when I see, then this I say, therefore,
That favours, hopes, and words can blind no more."

It is to be remarked that another edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" was published in 1591. It was a corrected and authentic impression, as far as a judgment can be formed from its appearance; while that edited by Nash (who, we may presume, was selected for the purpose on account of his popularity as an author) was most probably surreptitious. Newman, the bookseller, in his dedication of the small volume, admits that the MS. from which it was printed had been "much corrupted by ill writers."

In an Introduction, like the present, to one of Nash's most celebrated pieces, we shall not think any apology necessary for quoting at length, from the earliest impression of "Astrophel and Stella," the prefatory letter of its avowed editor. Until now it has not seen the light from the period of its first publication, and although bibliographers may have been aware of its existence, not a single extract, quotation from it, or even reference to it, has ever been made, that has come under our observation. Every thing Nash wrote must have its recommendations, of thought, language, or allusion; but the commencement of what follows is written in a somewhat grandiloquent and turgid strain, unlike his usual style; but after he has dismissed his compliment to the Countess of Pembroke, he alights from his stilts, and talks in his usual easy, sprightly, and pointed manner.

“ SOMEWHAT TO READE FOR THEM THAT LIST.

“ *Tempus adest plausus aurea pompa venit*—so endes the Sceane of Idiots, and enter Astrophel in pompe. Gentlemen, that have seene a thousand lines of folly drawn forth *ex uno puncto impudentiæ*, and two famous mountains to goe to the conception of one mouse; that haue had your eares deafned with the eccho of Fames brazen towres, when only they have been toucht with a leaden pen; that have seene *Pan* sitting in his bower of delights, & a number of *Midasses* to admire his miserable hornepipes, let not your surfeted sight, new come from such puppet play, thinke scorne to turn aside into this theater of pleasure; for here you shall find a paper stage strewd with pearle, an artificial heaven to ouershadow the faire frame, and christal wals to encounter your curious eyes, whiles the tragicommedy of love is performed by starlight. The chiefe actor here is *Melpomene*, whose dusky robes, dipt in the ynke of teares, as yet seeme to drop when I view them neare. The argument cruel chastity, the prologue hope, the epilogue dispaire, *videte quæso, et linguis animisque favele*. And here, peradventure, my witles youth may be taxt with a margent note of presumption for offering to put up any motion of applause in the behalfe of so excellent a poet, (the least sillable of whose name, sounded in the eares of judgement, is able to giue the meanest line he writes a dowry of immortality) yet those who observe how jewels oftentimes com to their hands that know not their value, & that the cockscornes of our daies, like *Esops* cock, had rather have a barley kernell wrapt up in a ballet, then they wil dig for the welth of wit in any ground that they know not, I hope wil also hold me excused, though I open the gate to his glory, and invite idle eares to the admiration of his melancholy.

“ *Quid petitur sacris nisi tantum fama poetis,*

which, although it be oftentimes imprisoned in ladyes cask[et]s, and the president booke of such as cannot see without another man's spectacles, yet at length it breakes foorth in spight of his keepers, and useth some private penne (in steed of a picklock) to procure his violent enlargement.

“ The sunne for a time may maske his golden head in a cloud, yet in the end the thicke vaile doth vanish, and his embellished blandishment appeares. Long hath *Astrophel* (England's sunne)

withheld the beames of his spirite from the common view of our darke sence, and night hath hovered ouer the gardens of the Nine Sisters, while *ignis fatuus*, and grosse fatty flames, (such as commonly arise out of dunghilles) have tooke occasion, in the middest eclipse of his shining perfections, to wander abroad with a wispe of paper at their tailes, like hobgoblins, and leade men vp and downe in a circle of absurditie a whole weeke, and never know where they are. But nowe that cloude of sorrow is dissolved, which fierie Loue exhaled from his dewie haire, and affection hath vnburthened the labouring streames of her wombe in the low cesterne of his grave: the night hath resigned her jettie throne vnto *Lucifer*, and cleere daylight possesseth the skie that was dimmed: wherfore breake off your daunce, you fairies & elves, and come from the fieldes, with the torne carcases of your tunbrills, for your kingdome is expired. Put out your rush candles, you poets & rimers, and bequeath your crazed quarterzayns to the chandlers; for, loe! here he commeth that hath broken your legs. *Apollo* hath resigned his ivory harp vnto *Astrophel*, and he, like *Mercury*, must lull you a sleep with his musicke. Sleep *Argus*, sleepe Ignorance, sleep Impudence, for *Mercury* hath *Io*, & only *Io* *Pæan* belongeth to *Astrophel*. Deare *Astrophel*! that in the ashes of thy loue, liuest againe like the *Phoenix*; ô might thy bodie (as thy name) liue againe here amongst us; but the earth, the mother of mortalitie, hath snatcht thee too soone into her chilled colde armes, and will not let thee by any meanes be drawne from her deadly imbrace; & thy diuine soule, carried on angels wings to heauen, is installed in *Hermes* place, sole prolocutor to the gods. Therefore mayest thou neuer returne from the Elisian Fieldes like *Orpheus*, therefore must we ever mourne for our *Orpheus*.

“Fayne would a second spring of passion heere spende it selfe on his sweet remembrance; but religion, that rebuketh prophane lamentation, drinke in the riuers of those dispaireful teares, which languorous ruth hath outwelled, & bids me looke backe to the house of honor, where, from one & the selfe same roote of renowne, I shal find many goodly branches deriued, & such as, with the spreading increase of their vertues, may somewhat ouershadow the grieue of his los. Amongst the which, fayre sister of *Phæbus*, & eloquent secretary to the Muses, most rare Countesse of *Pembroke*, thou art

not to be omitted; whom artes doe adore as a second *Minerva*, and our poets extoll as the patronesse of their invention; for in thee the *Lesbian Sappho*, with her lirick harpe, is disgraced, & the laurel garlande, which thy brother so brauely advanst on his launce, is still kept greene in the temple of *Pallas*. Thou only sacrificest thy soule to contemplation; thou only entertainest emptie-handed *Homer*, & keepest the springs of *Castalia* from being dried vp. Learning, wisdom, beantie, & all other ornaments of nobilitie whatsoever, seeke to approve themselves in thy sight, and get a further seale of felicity from the smiles of thy fauour.

“*O Jove digna viro ni Jove nata fores.*”

“I feare I shall be counted a mercenary flatterer, for mixing my thoughts with such figurative admiration; but generall report, that surpasseth my praise, condemneth my rethoricke of dulnesse for so colde a commendation. Indeede, to say the truth, my stile is somewhat heauie gated, and cannot daunce trip and goe it so liuely, with oh my love, ah my love, all my loues gone, as other shepheards that have been fooles in the morris time out of minde; nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the almond leafe verse, or sit tabring five yeres together nothing but to bee, to bee, on a paper drum. Onely I can keepe pace with a Grauesend barge, and care not if I have water enough to land my ship of fooles with the tearme (the tyde I should say). Now, every man is not of that minde; for some to go the lighter away will take in their fraught of spangled feathers, golden peebles, straw, reedes, bulrushes, or any thing, and then they beare out their sayles as proudly, as if they were balisted with bullbeefe. Others are so hardly bested for loading, that they are faine to retails the cinders of *Troy*, and the shiuers of broken trunchions to fill vp their boate, that else should goe empty; and if they haue but a pound weight of good merchandise, it shall be placed at the poope, or pluckt in a thousand pieces to credit their carriage. For my part, euery man as he likes, *Meus cuiusque is est quisque*. Tis as good to goe in cut fingerd pumps as corke shoes, if one weare Cornish diamonds on his toes. To explain it by a more familiar example; an asse is no great statesman in the beastes common-wealth, though he weare his eares *upsevant muffle*, after the Muscovy fashion, & hange the lip like a capcase halfe open, or looke as demurely as a sixpenny browne loafer,

for he hath some imperfections that do keepe him from the common council: yet of many he is deemed a very vertuous member, and one of the honestest sort of men that are; so that our opinion (as Sextus Empedocles) gives the name of good or ill to every thing. Out of whose works (latelie translated into English for the benefit of unlearned writers) a man might collect a whole booke of this argument, which no doubt would prove a worthy common-wealth matter, and far better than wits waxe karvell: much good worship haue the author.

"Such is this golden age wherein we live, & so replenisht with golden asses of all sortes, that if learning had lost it selfe in a groue of genealogies, wee neede doe no more but sette an old olde goose ouer halfe a dozen pottle pots (which are, as it were, the egges of invention) and wee shall haue such a breede of bookes within a little while after, as will fill all the world with the wilde fowle of good wits. I can tell you this is a harder thing then making gold of quicksilver, and will trouble you more then the morrall of *Esops* glow-worme hath troubled our English apes; who, striving to warme themselves with the flame of the philosophers stone, have spent all their wealth in buying bellowes to blowe this false fyre. Gentlemen, I feare I have too much presumed on your idle leysure, and beene too bold to stand talking all this while in an other mans doore; but now I will leave you to survey the pleasures of *Paphos*, and offer your smiles on the aulter of *Venus*.

"Yours in all desire to please,

"THO. NASHE."

It seems evident that Nash felt, in the opening of the preceding epistle, (which we give literatim) that he was performing a task; but, towards the conclusion, he freed himself from this impression, and shook off the restraint upon his pen. It is impossible at this time of day to explain some of the temporary, and designedly ambiguous, touches at authors of his day near the close, but the hit at Peele and his "*Tale of Troy*," 1589, seems pretty obvious, and Nash sets out with an obscure reference to

Greene, and to the manner in which he was accustomed to vaunt his university degrees at Oxford and Cambridge in the title-pages of his tracts.^h Nash must have taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts at a very early age, if in 1591 he could talk of his "witless youth" with any regard to accuracy.

We have already spoken of Nash's imprisonment in 1597, for writing his play called "The Isle of Dogs," and we have no trace that he subsequently contributed any thing to the stage. His genius does not, in fact, seem to have been dramatic; nor was it narrative, as may be judged from his "Life of Jack Wilton," printed in 1594, which he confesses (in the dedication to the Earl of Southampton) to be in "a clean different vein from his other former courses of writing." It was acknowledged to be a failure, and he never attempted any thing more of the kind.ⁱ His pious strains were at

^h Nash probably had some quarrel with Greene not very long after he had written for him the preliminary epistle to "Menaphon," in 1587. In his "Anatomic of Absurditie," 1589, he casts ridicule upon his productions, calls him the "Homer of women," and ends one of his paragraphs thus: "Therefore, see how far they swerve from their purpose, who with *Greene* colours seeke to garnish such Gorgon-like shapes." That they afterwards were upon good terms again is very certain, but it is possible that Nash at no time had his satirical pen under very good control, and that he now and then wielded it even against those with whom he was most intimate. His good sense and his good taste were offended by the affected style of some of his contemporaries, and in the tract above quoted, he abuses those writers who attributed to minerals and herbs properties not belonging to them, for the sake of founding affected similes upon imaginary qualities.

ⁱ It is remarkable that Nash has left nothing behind him in prose

least more acceptable, and his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem" went through three editions, in 1593, 1594, and 1613. Here it was that he endeavoured to make amends to, and peace with, Gabriel Harvey; but the offer was most ungraciously and ungenerously rejected by the latter in his "New Letter of Notable Contents," 1593. The consequence was, that Nash renewed the attack with redoubled vigour in a prefatory epistle to the copies of his "Christ's Tears," bearing date in 1594.¹ As bibliographers have passed over this remarkable production without notice, in consequence, perhaps, of the belief that the impression of 1594 was only a reprint of that of 1593, we shall present a few interesting extracts from it; and, first, what Nash says of Harvey, after lamenting that he had ever made overtures of peace to his adversary.

"I thought to make my foe a bridge of golde, or faire words, to flie by; he hath vsed it as a high way to inuade me. *Hoc pia lingua dedit*: this it is to deale plainely. An extreme gull he is in this age, and no better, that beleeves a man for his swearing. Im-

or poetry that is devoted to the subject most common to all versifiers—love. It appears, by his "Anatomie of Absurditie," 1589, (dedicated to Sir Charles Blunt) that he had been enamoured of some lady two summers before, and that, meeting with a disappointment, it had produced a "pensiveness," which long continued to weigh upon his spirits. It is very clear that the lady had been false; for in the same tract he declares, "Constancy will sooner inhabit the body of a cameleon, a tiger, or a wolfe, than the heart of a woman."

¹ Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted Nash's "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," in "Archaica," vol. i. but from the impression of 1613, and without the highly interesting epistle to which we refer.

pious Gabriell Harvey, the vowed enemie to all vowes and protestations, plucking on with a slavish priuat submission a generall publike reconciliation, hath, with a cunning ambuscado of confiscated idle others, welneare betrayed me to infamie eternall (his owne proper chaire of torment in hell). I can say no more, but the deuill and he be no men of their words. Many courses there be, as Machiavell inspirdly sets downe, which in them selues seem singular and vertuous; but, if a man follow them, they wilbe his vtter subuersion: others that seeme absurd, odious, and vitious, that, well looked into, will breede him most ease. This course of shaking hands with Harvey seemd at first most plausible and commendable, and the rather because I desired to conforme my selfe to the holy subject of my booke; but afterwards (being by his malice peruerted) it seemd most degenerate and abject. Henceforth, with the forenamd Machiavel, for an vnrefutable principle I will hold it, that he is vtterly vndone which seekes by new good turnes to roote out old grudges. A prouerbe it is as stale as sea-beefe: saue a thief from the gallows, and hee'le be the first to shew the way to Saint Gilesesse. Harvey I manifestly sau'd from the knot vnder the eare: verily, he hath hanged him selfe had I gone forwards in my vengeance."

This last observation forms, in fact, the point of an epigram upon Nash by Freeman, quoted in "Dodsley's Old Plays," last edit., vol. ix., p. 8. Nash afterwards vindicates John Lily, "poor deceased Kit Marlowe," and Dr. Perne; and from thence proceeds thus to notice complaints made against his "Life of Jack Wilton."

"Leave we him [Harvey] till his fatall houre call for him, and let vs cast about to some more necessarie matter. I am informed there be certaine busie wits abroad, that seeke, in my *Jacke Wilton*, to anagrammatize the name of Wittenberge to one of the Vniuersities of England; that scorne to be counted honest, plaine meaning men, like their neighbours, for not so much as out of mutton and potage but they will construe a meaning of kings and princes. Let one but name bread, but they will interpret it to be the towne of Bredau in the low countreyes; if of beere he talkes, then straight he mockes

the countie Beroune in France. If of foule weather, or a shower of raïne, he hath relation to some that shall raïne next. Infinite number of these phanatical strange hieroglyphicks haue these new decipherers framed to them selues, & stretcht words on the tenter hooks so miserably, that a man were as good, considering every circumstance, write on cheveril as on paper."

Some parties had objected to the style in which Nash's "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem" was written, and especially of the compound words he had employed in it, thereby likening our language, as one of our old dramatists beautifully expresses it, to

" the learned Greek,

Blest in the lovely marriage of sweet words."

To these critics Nash answers happily as follows :

" To the second rancke of reprehenders, that complain of my boystrous compound wordes, and ending my Italionate coyned verbes all in *ize*, thus I reple: That no winde that blowes strong but is boystrous; no speech or wordes of any power or force to confute or perswade, but must be swelling and boystrous. For the compounding of my wordes, therein I imitate rich men, who, having store of white single money together, convert a number of those small little sentes into great peeces of gold, such as double pistoles and portugues. Our English tongue, of all languages, most swarmeth with the single money of monosillables, which are the onely scandal of it. Bookes written in them, and no other, seeme like shop-keepers' boxes, that containe nothing else saue halfe-pence, three-farthings, and two pences. Therefore what did me I, but, having a huge heape of those worthlesse shreds of small English in my *pia maters* purse, to make the royaller shew with them to men's eyes, had them to the compounders immediately, and exchanged them foure into one, and others into more, according to the Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian."

Farther on in the same epistle Nash introduces Spenser by name, and makes various allusions to his contem-

poraries, some of which are now hardly intelligible, but most of them interesting to literary antiquaries. We regret that we have not room for the whole of this curious production.

His last publication was his "Lenten Stuff," in 1599, unless we are to consider his "Summer's Last Will and Testament," in 1600, an authorized impression. Dispute has arisen respecting the period of his death, some maintaining that it took place in 1604 (see "The Bridgewater Catalogue," p. 200), and others, that it happened earlier. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Middleton's Works, (vol. i., p. xviii.) is in favour of the latter opinion, founding himself on a passage in a play called "The Return from Parnassus," printed in 1606, but originally acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth.^k No doubt can be entertained upon the point by those who refer to Charles Fitzgeoffrey's "*Affaniæ, sive Epigrammatum Libri Tres*," printed in 1601; for among the *Cenotaphia* we meet with the following, which is, of course, quite decisive. We reprint it precisely as it stands in the original.

" THOMÆ NASHO.

" Quum Mors edictum Jovis imperiale secuta
Vitalis Nashi extingueret atra faces;

^k The editor of the last edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays" (who, in fact, excepting in some scattered notes, was only the editor of six additional plays, then inserted for the first time) had stated the same opinion about fifteen years before, in the notice of Nash which precedes the reprint of "Summer's Last Will and Testament," in these words: "It is certain that Nash was not living at the time when 'The Return from Parnassus' was produced, which, though not printed until 1606, was written before the end of the reign of Elizabeth."

Armatam juveni linguam calamumque tremendum
(Fulmina bina) prius insidiosa rapit ;
Mox illum aggreditur nudum, atque invadit inermè,
Atque ita de victo vate trophea refert.
Cur si vel calamus præstò vel lingua fuisset,
Ipsa quidem metuit mors truculenta mori."

Whether the wording of this cenotaph should be understood literally, or only poetically, may admit of doubt, but it is not the first time the same point has been employed for a similar occasion. At all events, it is now clear that Nash was dead in 1601, and this is probably the nearest point at which we shall be able to arrive. It is somewhat singular, therefore, that Dekker, writing in 1607, when his "Knight's Conjuring" (which is a reprint, with additions, of his "News from Hell") was published, should speak of Nash as "newly come" to the Elysian fields. At that date he had been dead at least eight years ; and this fact may give some countenance to the belief that "The Knight's Conjuring," either by that or some other name, was an earlier publication than Mr. Rimbault has supposed in his excellently-edited reprint of it for the Percy Society. The conclusion of that tract is perhaps more interesting than any other of the time, since it contains notices of the following contemporaries of Dekker, then dead—Spenser, Watson, Kyd, Achelley, Bentley (the actor), Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and, lastly, Nash. To revive such productions is rendering an important service to our early literature.

PIERCE PENILESS

HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEUILL.

Describing the ouer-spreading of Vice, and
the suppression of Vertue.

Pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights : and
pathetically intermixt with conceipted
reproofes.

Written by THOMAS NASH, Gentleman.

L O N D O N,

Imprinted by RICHARD IHONES, dwelling at the
Signe of the *Rose and Crowne*, nere
Holburne Bridge.

1592.

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

GENTLEMEN,

In the Authour's absence, I haue been bold to publish this pleasaunt and wittie discourse of *Pierce Penilesse, his Supplication to the Diuell*: which title, though it may seeme strange, and in it selfe somewhat preposterous, yet if you vouchsafe the reading, you shall finde reason, as well for the Authour's vncouth nomination, as for his vnwonted beginning without epistle, proeme, or dedication: al which he hath inserted conceitedly in the matter; but Ile be no blab to tell you in what place. Bestow the looking, and I doubt not but you shall finde dedication, epistle, and proeme to your liking.

Yours bounden in affection,

R. I.

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PIERCE PENILESSE, HIS SUPPLICA- TION TO THE DIUELL.

Hauing spent manie yeres in studying how to liue,
 and liude a long time without money ; hauing tyred my
 youth with follie, and surfeited my minde with vanitie, I
 began at length to looke backe to repentaunce, & ad-
 dresse my endeuors to prosperitie. But all in vaine: I
 sate vp late, & rose early, contended with the colde, and
 conuersed with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to
 losse, my vulgar muse was despised & neglected, my
 paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I my selfe
 (in prime of my best wit) layde open to pouertie. Where-
 upon (in a malecontent humor) I accused my fortune,
 raild on my patrones, bit my pen, rent my papers, and
 ragde in all points like a mad man. In which agonie
 tormenting my selfe a long time, I grew by degrees to a
 milde dis-content; and pausing a while ouer my stan-
 dish, I resolued in verse to paynt forth my passion:
 which, best agreeing with the vaine of my vnrest, I began
 to complaine in this sort:—

Why is't damnation to despaire and dye,

When life is my true happinesse disease?

My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flye

The faultie meanes, that might my paine appease.

Diuiues and dying men may talke of hell,

But in my hart her seuerall torments dwell.

Discite qui
 sapitis, cum
 hæc quæ sci-
 mus inertes:
 Sed trepidas
 acies, et fera
 bella sequi.

Est aliquid fa-
 tale malum
 per verba le-
 vare.

Ingenio perii
qui miser ipse
meo.

Ah worthlesse wit, to traine me to this woe,
Deceitfull artes, that nourish discontent !
Ill thriue the follie that bewitcht me so ;
Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent :

Paupertas
impulit audax
ut versus fa-
cerem.

And yet my wants perswade me to proceede,
Since none takes pitie of a scholler's neede.

Forgiue me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the aire, wherein I breathe a wretch ;
Since miserie hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite vndone through promise-breach.

Pol me occi-
distis, amici.

Oh frends ! no frends, that then vngently frowne,
When changing fortune casts vs headlong downe.

Without redresse complaynes my carelesse verse,

Hei mihi,
quam paucos
hæc mea dicta
movent.

And Mydas eares relent not at my moane :
In some farre land will I my grieues reherse,
'Mongst them that will be moou'd when I shall groane.
England adieu, the soyle that brought me forth ;
Adieu vnkinde, where skill is nothing woorth.

Miser est qui-
cunque ærum-
nam suam ne-
quit occultare.

These rymes thuss abruptly set downe, I tost my ima-
gination a thousand wayes, to see if I coulde finde anie
meanes to relieue my estate ; but all my thoughts con-
sorted to this conclusion, that the world was vncharitable,
and I ordained to be miserable. Thereby I grew to con-
sider how manie base men, that wanted those parts which
I had, enioyed content at will, and had wealth at com-
maund : I cald to mind a cobbler, that was worth fife hun-
dred pound ; an hostler that had built a goodly Inne,
and might dispende fortie pounds yerely by his land ; a
carre-man in a lether pilche, that had whipt a thousand
pound out of his horse tayle : and haue I more wit than
all these ? (thought I to my selfe) am I better borne ?
am I better brought vp ? yea, and better fauored ? and

Fortuna fa-
vet fatuos.

yet am I a begger? What is the cause? how am I
crost, or whence is this curse? Meritis ex-
pendite cau-
sam.

Euen from hence, that men that should employ such
as I am, are enamoured of their owne wits, and thinke
whateuer they doo is excellent, though it be neuer so
scurvie; that learning (of the ignorant) is rated after
the value of the inke and paper; and a scriuener better
paid for an obligation, than a scholler for the best poeme
he can make; that euerie grosse brainde idiot is suffered
to come into print, who, if hee set foorth a pamphlet of
the praise of pudding pricks, or write a treatise of Tom
Thumme, or the exployts of Vntrusse, it is bought vp
thicke and three-folde, when better things lye dead.
How then can wee chuse but be needie, when there are
so manie droanes amongst us? or euer proue rich, that
toyle a whole yeare for faire lookes?

*Scribimus in-
docti doctique
poemata pas-
sim.*

Gentle Sir Philip Sydney, thou knewst what belongd
to a scholler; thou knewest what paines, what toyle,
what trauell conduct to perfection: well couldst thou
giue euerie vertue his encouragement, euerie arte his
due, euerie writer his desert, cause none more vertuous,
wittie, or learned than thy selfe.

*Cultor et An-
tistes docto-
rum sancte
virozum.*

But thou art dead in thy graue, and hast left too few
successors of thy glorie, too fewe to cherish the sonnes of
the muses, or water those budding hopes with their
plentie, which thy bountie erst planted.

*Heu rapiunt
mala fata bo-
nos.*

Beleeue me, gentlemen, (for some crosse mishappes
haue taught me experience) there is not that strict obser-
uation of honour, which hath been heretofore. Men of
great calling take it of merit to haue their names eter-
nisht by poets; and whatsoeuer pamphlet or dedication
encounters them, they put it vp their sleeues, and scarce
giue him thanks that presents it. Much better is it for
those golden pennes to raise such vngratefull peasants
from the dung-hill of obscuritie, and make them equal

*Fluctibus in
mediis navim
Paliure re-
linquis.*

in fame to the worthies of olde, when their doating selfeloue shall challenge it of dutie, and not onely giue them nothing themselues, but impouerish liberalitie in others.

This is the lamentable condition of our times, that men of arte must seek almes of cormorants, and those that deserue best be kept vnder by dunces, who count it a policie to keep them bare, because they shuld follow their books the better; thinking belike, that, as preferment hath made themselves idle, that were earst painfull in meaner places, so it would likewise slacken the endeauours of those students, that as yet strive to excell in hope of aduancement. A good pollicie to suppress superfluous liberalitie; but, had it been practised when they were promoted, the yeomandry of the realme had been better to passe than it is, and one droane should not haue driuen so manie bees from their honie-combes.

I, I, wele giue losers leaue to talke: it is no matter what *sic probo* and his pennillesse companions prate, whilst we haue the gold in our coffers: this is it that will make a knaue an honest man, and my neighbour Crompton's stripling a better gentleman than his grand sier. O! it is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after. Such presidents there are in our common-wealth a great manie; not so much of them whome learning and industrie hath exalted, (whome I prefer before *genus et proavos*) as of carterly vpstarts, that out-face towne and countrey in their veluets, when Sir Rowland Russet-coat, their dad, goes sagging euerie day in his round gascoynes of white cotton, and hath much adoo (poore pennie-father) to keepe his vnthrift elbowes in reparations.

Marry, happie are they, say I, that haue such fathers to worke for them whilst they play; for where other men turn ouer manie leaues to get bread and cheese in their olde age, and studie twentie yeares to distill golde out of

incke, our yong masters doo nothing but deuise how to spend, and aske counsaile of the wine and capons, how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies. As for me, I liue secure from all such perturbations; for (thanks bee to God) I am *vacuus viator*, and care not, though I meete the commissioners of New-market-heath at high midnight, for anie crosses, images, or pictures that I carrie about mee, more than needes.

Than needes, quoth I; nay, I would be ashamde of it, if *opus* and *usus* were not knocking at my doore twenty times a weeke when I am not within: the more is the pittie, that such a franke gentleman as I should want; but, since the dice doo runne so vntowardly on my side, I am partly prouided of a remedie. For whereas, those that stand most on their honour haue shut vp their purses, and shift vs off with court holly-bread; and on the other side, a number of hypocriticall hot-spurres, that haue G O D alwayes in theyr mouthes, will give nothing for God's sake; I haue clapt vp a handsome Supplication to the Diuell, and sent it by a good fellow, that I know will deliuer it.

And because you may beleeeue me the better, I care not if I acquaint you with the circumstance. I was informd of late dayes, that a certaine blinde retayler, called the Diuell, vsed to lend money vpon pawnes or anie thing, and would let one for a need haue a thousand poundes vpon a statute merchant of his soule: or if a man plyde him throughly, would trust him vpon a bill of his hand, without anie more circumstaunce. Besides, hee was noted for a priue benefactor to traytors and parasites, and to aduaunce fooles and asses farre sooner than anie; to be a greedie pursuer of newes, and so famous a politician in purchasing, that Hel, which at the beginning was but an obscure village, is now become a huge citie, whervnto all countreys are tributarie.

These manifest coniectures of plentie, assembled in one common-place of abilitie, I determined to clawe Auarice by the elboe, till his full belly gaue me a full hand; and let him bloud with my pen (if it might be) in the veyne of Liberalitie: and so (in short time) was this paper-monster, Pierce Penillesse, begotten.

But written and all, here lies the question; where shall I finde this old asse, that I may deliuer it? Mas, thats true: they say the lawyers haue the Diuel and all, and it is like enough he is playing ambodexter amongst them. Fie! fie! the Diuell a driver in Westminster Hall? it can neuer be.

Now, I pray, what doo you imagine him to be? Perhaps you thinke it is not possible he should be so graue. Oh! then, you are in an errour, for hee is as formale as the best scriuener of them all. Marry, hee doth not vse to weare a night-cap, for his hornes will not let him; and yet I know a hundred, as well headed as he, that will make a jolly shift with a court-cup on their crownes, if the weather bee colde.

To proceed with my tale. To Westminster Hall I went, and made a search of enquirie, from the blacke gowne to the buckram bag, if there were anie such serjeant, bencher, counsailer, attorney, or pettifogger, as *Signior Cornuto Diabolo*, with the good face? But they all (*vnâ voce*) affirmed that he was not there: marry, whether hee were at the Exchange or no, amongst the ritch merchants, that they could not tell; but it was the likelier of the two, that I should meete with him, or heare of him, (at the least) in those quarters. I faith, and say you so? quoth I; and Ile bestow a little labour more, but Ile hunt him out.

Without more circumstance, thether came I; and, thrusting my selfe (as the manner is) amongst the confusion of languages, I askt (as before) whether he were

there extant or no? But from one to another, *Non novi Dæmonem*, was all the answer I could get. At length (as Fortune serude) I lighted vppon an old, straddling usurer, clad in a damaske cassocke, edgde with fox-furre; a paire of trunke slops, sagging down like a shoemaker's wallet, and a short thrid-bare gown on his backe, fac't with moath-eaten budge: vpon his head he wore a filthy, coarse biggin, and next it a garnish of night-caps, with a sage button cap of the forme of a cow sheard, ouerspred verie orderly: a fat chuffe it was (I remember), with a grey beard cut short to the stumps, as though it were grymde, and a huge (~~worm-eaten~~ nose,) like a cluster of grapes hanging downwards. Of him I demaunded, if hee could tell me anie tidings of the partie I sought for.

By my troth, quoth he, stripling, (and then he cought) I saw him not lately, nor know I certainly where he keepes; but thus much I heard by a broker, a friend of mine, that hath had some dealings with him in his time, that hee is at home sicke of the goute, and will not be spoken withall vnder more than thou art able to giue, some two or three hundred angels, if thou hast anie sute to him; and then, perhaps, hele straine curtesie, with his legges in child bed, and come forth and talke with thee; but, otherwise, *non est domi*—he is busie with Mammon and the Prince of the North, howe to build vp his kingdome, or sending his sprites abroad to vndermine the maligners of his gouernment.

I, hearing of this colde comfort, tooke my leaue of him very faintly, and, like a carelesse malcontent, that knewe not which way to turne, retyred me to Paules, to seeke my dinner with Duke Humfrey; but, when I came there, the olde souldiour was not vp. He is long a rising, thought I; but that's all one, for he that hath no money in his purse, must go dine with Sir John Best-be-trust, at the signe of the Chalke and Post.

Two hongry turnes had I scarce fetcht in this wast gallery, where I was encountered by a neat pedanticall fellow, in forme of a cittizen; who thrusting himselfe abruptly into my companie, like an intelligencer, began very earnestly to question with mee about the cause of my discontent, or what made me so sad, that seemed too young to bee acquainted with sorrow. I, nothing nice to vnfold my estate to any what soeuer, discourst to him the whole circumstance of my care, and what toyll and paynes I had tooke in searching for him that would not bee heard of. Why, sir (quoth hee), had I been priuie to your purpose before, I could haue easd you of thys trauell; for, if it be the deuill you seeke for, know I am his man. I pray, sir, how might I call you? A knight of the post, quoth he, for so I am tearmed; a fellow that will sweare you any thing for twelve pence; but, indeede, I am a spirite in nature and essence, that take vppon mee this humaine shape, onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell.

Non bene
conducti ven-
dunt perjurii
testes.

Now, trust mee, a substantial trade; but when doe you send next to your master? Why, euery day; for there is not a cormorant that dyes, or cut-purse that is hang'd, but I dispatch letters by his soule to him, and to all my friends in the low countreys: wherefore, if you haue anie thing that you would haue transported, giue it me, and I will see it deliuered.

Yes, marry haue I (quoth I) a certayne Supplication here to your master, which you may peruse if it please you. With that he opened it, and read as followeth:

To the High and Mightie Prince of Darknesse,
 Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Styx,
 and Phlegeton, Duke of Tartary, Mar-
 quessee of Conytus, and Lord High
 Regent of Lymbo, his distressed
 Orator, Pierce Penillesse, wisheth
 encrease of damnation and
 malediction eternal, per
 Jesum Christum Do-
 minum Nostrum.

Most humbly sueth unto your sinfulness, your single
 soald orator, Pierce Penillesse : that whereas your impious
 excellence hath had the poore tennement of his purse any
 time this halfe yeere for your dauncing schoole, and he
 (notwithstanding) hath received no peny nor crosse for
 farme, according to the usuall manner, it may please your
 gracelesse Majestie to consider of him, and give order to
 your servant Avarice he may be dispatched; insomuch as
 no man heere in London can haue a dauncing schoole with-
 out rent, and his wit and knavery cannot be maintained
 with nothing. Or, if this be not so plausible to your
 honourable infernalship, it might seem good to your hel-
 hood to make extent upon the soules of a number of un-
 charitable cormorants, who, having incurd the daunger
 of a *præmunire* with meddling with matters that properly
 concerne your owne person, deserve no longer to live (as
 men) amongst men, but to bee incorporated in the society
 of diuels. By which meanes the mighty controulour of

No : Ile be
 sworne upon
 a book haue I
 not.

fortune and imperious subverter of destiny, delicious gold, the poore man's god, and idoll of princes (that lookes pale and wanne through imprisonment) might at length be restored to his powerfull monarchie, and eftsoon bee set at liberty, to helpe his friends that have neede of him.

Id est, for the
fredome of
gold.

I knowe a great sort of good fellowes that would venture farre for his freedom, and a number of needy lawyers (who now mourne in threed bare gownes for his thraldome) that would go neere to poison his keepers with false Latine, if that might procure his enlargement; but inexorable yron detaines him in the dungeon of the night, so that now (poore creature) hee can neither trafique with the mercers and tailers as he was wont, nor dominere in tavernes as he ought.

The descrip-
tion of Gre-
dines.

Famine, Lent, and Dessolation, set in onion skind jackets before the doore of his indurance, as a chorus in tragedie of Hospitality, to tell Hunger and Poverty thers no reliefe for them there; and in the inner part of this ugly habitation stands Greedinesse, prepared to devoure all that enter, attired in a capouch of written parchment, buttond downe before with labels of wax, and lined with sheepes fells for warmenes: his cappe furd with catskins, after the Muscovie fashion, and all to be tasseld with angle hookes, instead of aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom he shewes any humblenes: for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters pattents assured him and his heyres, to the utter overthrowe of bow-cases and cushin-makers; and bumbasted they were, like beer barrells, with statute marchants and forfeitures: but of all his shooes were the strangest, which, being nothing els but a couple of crab shels, were tooth'd at the toes with two sharp sixpeny nailes, that dig'd up every dunghill they came by for gold, and snarl'd at the stones as he went in the street, because they were so common for men, women, and chil-

dren, to tread upon, and he could not devise how to wrest an odde fine out of any of them.

Thus walkes he up and downe all his life time, with an yron crow in his hand instead of a staffe, and a sarjants mace in his mouth, (which night and day he gnawd upon) and either busies himselfe in setting silver lime twigs, to entangle young gentlemen, and casting forth silken shrap, to catch woodcocks, or in syving of Muck-hills and shop-dust, whereof he will boult a whole cart load to gain a bow'd pinne.

On the other side, Dame Niggardize, his wife, in a sedge rugge kirtle, that had beene a matthe time out of mind, a course hempen rayle about her shoulders, borrowed of the one ende of a hop bag, an apron made of almanackes out of date, (such as stand vpon screenes, or on the backside of a dore in a chandlers shop) and an olde wiues pudding pan on her head, thrumd with the parings of her nayles, sate barrelling vp the droppings of her nose, in steed of oyle, to sayme wool withall, and would not aduenture to spit without halfe a dozen of porrengers at her elbow.

The description of Dame Niggerdize.

The house, (or rather the hell) where these two earth-wormes encaptiued this beautifull substaunce, was vast, large, strong built, and well furnished, all save the kitchin; for that was no bigger than the cooks roome in a ship, with a little court chimney, about the compasse of a *parenthesis* in proclamation-print: then judge you what diminutiue dishes came out of this doues-neast. So, likewise, of the buttrie; for whereas in houses of such stately foundation, that are built to outward shewe so magnificent, euerie office is answerable to the hall, which is principall, there the buttrie was no more but a blind cole-house, vnder a paire of stayres, wherein (vprising and downe lying) was but one single kilderkin of small beere, that would make a man, with a carrouse of a

spooneful, runne through an alphabet of faces. Nor usd they any glasses or cups (as other men), but onely little farthing ounce boxes, whereof one of them fild vp with froath (in manner and forme of an alehouse) was a meales allowance for the whole houshold. It were lamentable to tell what miserie the rattes and myce endured in this hard world; how, when all supply of victualls fayled them, they went a boot-haling one night to Sinior Greedinesse bed-chamber, where, finding nothing but emptinesse and vastitie, they encountred (after long inquisition) with a cod-peece, well dinged and manured with greace (which my pinch-fart penie-father had retaind from his Bachelorship, vntill the eating of these presents). Vppon that they set, and with a couragious assault rent it cleane away from the breeches, and then carried it in triumph, like a coffin, on their shoulders betwixt them. The verie spiders and dust-weauers, that wont to set vp their loomes in euerie windowe, decayed and vndone through the extreame dearth of the place, (that affoorded them no matter to worke on) were constrained to breake, against their wills, and goe dwell in the countrey, out of the reach of the broome and the wing: and generally, not a flea nor a cricket that caried anie braue minde, that would stay there after he had once tasted the order of their fare. Onely unfortunate golde (a predestinate slaue to drudges and fooles) liues in endlesse bondage there amongst them, and may no way be releast, except you send the rot halfe a yeare amongst his keepers, and so make them away with a murrion, one after another.

The com-
playnt of
Pryde.

O! but a farre greater enormitie raigneth in the heart of the court: Pride, the peruerter of all vertue, sitteth apparaild in the merchants spoyles, and ruine of yong citizens, and scorneth learning, that gaue their vp-start fathers titles of gentrie.

All malcontent sits the greasie sonne of a cloathier, and complaines (like a decayed carle) of the ruine of ancient houses ; whereas, the weauers loomes first framed the web of his honour, and the locks of wool, that bushes and brambles haue tooke for toule of insolent sheepe that would needs striue for the wall of a fir-bush, haue made him of the tenths of their tarre, a squier of low degree ; and of the collections of the scatterings, a justice, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, of peace and of coram. Hee will bee humorous, forsooth, and haue a broode of fashions by himselfe. Somtimes (because Love commonly wears the liuerie of Wit) hee will be an *Inamorato Poeta*, and sonnet a whole quire of paper in praise of Ladie Manibetter, his yeolowfac'd mistres, and wear a feather of her rain-beaten fanne for a fauor, like a fore-horse. All *Italiato* is his talke, and his spade peake is as sharpe as if he had been a pioner before the walls of Roan. Hee will despise the barbarisme of his owne countrey, and tell a whole legend of lyes of his trauayles vnto *Constantinople*. If he be challenged to fight from his delaterie dye-case, hee obiects that it is not the custome of the Spaniard, or the Germaine, to looke backe to euerie dog that barks. You shall see a dapper Jacke, that hath beene but once at Deepe, wring his face round about, as a man would stirre vp a mustard pot, and talke English through the teeth, like Jaques Scabd-hams, or Monsieur Mingo de Moustrapo ; when (poore slaue) he hath but dipt his bread in wylde boares greace, and come home againe, or been bitten by the shinnes by a wolfe ; and saith, he hath aduentured vppon the barricadoes of Gurney, or Guingan, and fought with the yong Guise hand to hand.

Some thinke to be counted rare politicians and statesmen, by beeing solitarie : as who should say, I am a wise man, a braue man, *Secreta mea mihi : frustra sapit, qui sibi non sapit* ; and there is no man worthie of my companie or

The nature of
an upstart.

The counter-
feit politician.

friendship, when, although he goes vngartred like a male-content cutpursse, and weares his hat ouer his eyes lyke one of the cursed crue, yet cannot his stabbing dagger, or his nittie loue-locke, keepe him out of the legend of fantastick cockscombes. I pray ye, good Mounsier Diuell, take some order, that the streetes be not pestered with them so as they are. Is it not a pitiful thing that a fellow that eates not a good meales meat in a weeke, but beggereth his belly quite and cleane, to make his backe a certain kind of brokerly gentleman, and nowe and then (once or twice in a tearme) comes to the eightene pence ordenarie, because hee would be seene amongst caualiers and braue courtiers, lyuing otherwise all the yeere long with salt butter and Holland cheese in his chamber, shoulde take vppe a scornfull, melancholike course in his gate and countenance, and talke as though our common-wealth were but a mockery of gouernment, and our maiestrates fooles, who, wronging him in not looking into his deserts, not imploying him in state matters, and that, if more regard were not had of him very shortly, the whole realme should have a misse of him, and he would go (I mary would he) where he should be more accounted off.

Is it not wonderfull ill-provided, I say, that this disdainfull companion is not made one of the fraternitie of fooles, to talke before great states, with some olde mothe-eaten politician, of mending high waies, and leading armies into Fraunce.

The prodigall
young mas-
ter.

A young heyre, or cockney, that is his mothers darling, if hee haue playde the waste-good at the Innes of the Court, or about London, and that neither his students pension, nor his outhrifts credite, will serue to maintaine his collidge of whores any longer, falles in a quarrelling humor with his fortune, because she made him not king of the Indies, and swears and stares, after ten in the

hundreth, that nere a such peasant, as his father or brother, shall keep him vnder: he will go to the sea, and teare the gold out of the Spanyards throats, but he will haue it, byrlady: and when he comes there, poore soule, hee lyes in brine, in balist, and is lamentable sicke of the scurvyes; his dayntie fare is turned to a hungry feast of dogs and cats, or haberdine and poore John, at the most; and, which is lamentablest of all, that without mustard.

As a mad ruffion, on a time, being in daunger of shipwrack by a tempest, and seeing all other at their vowes and praiers, that if it would please God, of his infinite goodnesse, to deliuer them out of that imminent daunger, one woulde abiure this sinne, whereunto he was adicted; an other, make satisfaction for that vyolence he had committed; he, in a desperate jest, began thus to reconcile his soule to heauen. "O Lord! if it may seeme good to thee to deliuer me from this feare of vntimely death, I vowe before thy throne, and all thy starry host, neuer to eate haberdine more whilst I liue."

Well, so it fell out, that the sky cleared and the tempest ceased, and this carelesse wretch, that made such a mockery of praier, ready to set foote a land, cried out: Not without mustard, good lord! not without mustard; as though it had been the greatest torment in the world to haue eaten haberdine without mustard. But this by the way, what pennance can be greater for pride, than to let it swinge in hys owne halter? *Dulce bellum inexpertis*: theres no man loues the smoake of his owne countrey that hath not been syngde in the flame of an other soyle. It is a pleasant thing, ouer a fulle pot, to read the fable of thirsty Tantalus, but a hard matter to digest salt meates at sea, with stinking water.

Another misery of pride it is, when men that haue good parts, and beare the name of deepe scholers, cannot

The pride of
the learned.

be content to participate one faith with all Christendome, but, because they will get a name to their vaine glory, they will set their self loue to study to inuent new sects of singularity, thinking to liue when they are dead, by hauing theyr sect called after their names; as Donatists of Donatus, Arrianus of Arrius, and a number more new faith-founders, that haue made *England* the exchange of innouations, and almost as much confusion of religion in euerie quarter, as there was of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel. Whence, a number that fetch the articles of their beleefe out of Aristotle, and thinke of heauen and hell as the heathen philosophers, take occasion to deride our ecclesiasticall state, and all ceremonies of diuine worship, as bug-beares and scar-crowes, because (like Herodes souldiers) we diuide Christs garment amongst vs in so manie peeces, and of the vesture of saluation make some of us babies and apes coates, others straight trusses and diuells breeches, some gally gascoynes, or a shipmans hose; like the Anabaptists and adulterous Familists, others with the Martinists, a hood with two faces, to hide their hypocrisie, and, to conclude, some, like the Barrowists and Greenwoodians, a garment ful of the plague, which is not to be worn before it be new washt.

Hence atheists triumph and reioyce, and talke as prophanely of the Bible, as of Beuis of Hampton. I heare say there be mathematicians abroad that will prooue men before Adam; and they are harboured in high places, who will maintayne it, to the death, that there are no diuells.

The devill
hath children
(as other
men), but
fewe of them
know their
owne father.

It is a shame (Senior Belzibub) that you shoulde suffer yourselfe thus to be tearmed a bastard, or not approue to your predestinate children, not only that they haue a father, but that you are hee that must owne them. These are but the suburbs of the sinne we haue in hand :

I must describe to you a large cittie, wholly inhabited with this damnable enormitie.

In one place let me shewe you a base artificer, that hath no reuenues to bost on but a needle in his bosome, as braue as any pensioner or nobleman.

The pride of artificers.

In an other corner, Mistris Minx, a marchants wife, that will eate no cherries, forsooth, but when they are at twentie shillings a pound, that lookes as simperingly as if she were besmeard, and iets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the canaries, she is so finicall in her speach, as though she spake nothing but what she had first sewd ouer before in her samplers, and the puling accent of her voyce is like a fained treble, or ones voyce that interprets to the puppets. What should I tell how squeamish she is in her dyet, what toyle she puts her poore seruants vnto, to make her looking glasses in the pauement? how she wil not goe into the fieldes, to cowre on the greene grasse, but shee must haue a coach for hir convoy, and spends halfe a day in pranking her self, if shee bee inuited to anie strange place? Is not this the excesse of pride, Signior Sathan? Goe too; you are vnwise, if you make her not a chiefe saint in your calender.

The pride of marchants wives.

The next obiect that encounters my eyes, is some such obscure vpstart gallants as, without desert or seruice, are raised from the plough to be checkmate with princes: and these I can no better compare than to creatures that are bred *sine coitu*, as crickets in chimnyes; to which I resemble poore scullians, that, from turning spit in the chimney corner, are on the sodayne hoysed vp from the kitchen into the wayting chamber, or made barons of the beanes, and marquesses of the mary-boanes: some by corrupt water, as gnats, to which we may liken brewers, that, by retayling filthie Thames water, come in few yeres to be worth fortie or fiftie thousand pound: others by dead wine, as little flying wormes; and so the vintners

The pride of pesants sprung up of nothing.

in like ease: others by slime, as frogs, which may be al-
luded to Mother Bunches slymie ale, that hath made her,
and some other of her fil pot familie so wealthie: others
by dirt, as wormes, and so I know manie gold-finders
and hostlers come vp: some by hearbs, as cankers, and
after the same sort our apothecaries: others by ashes, as
scarabes, and how else get our colliers the pence? others
from the putrified flesh of dead beasts, as bees of bulls,
and butchers by fly-blowne beefe, waspes of horses, and
hackney-men by selling their lame iades to huntsmen, for
carrion.

Sparagus a
flowre that
never grow-
eth but
through
man's dung.

Yet am I not against it, that these men by their me-
chanicall trades should come to be sparage gentlemen
and chuff-headed Burghomasters; but that better places
should bee possessed by coystrells, and the coblers crowe,
for crying but *ave Caesar*, be more esteemed than rarer
birds, that haue warbled sweeter notes vnrewarded. But
it is no mervaille; for, as hemlocke fatteth quayles, and
henbane swine, which to all other is poyson, so some
mens vices haue power to aduance them, which would
subuert anie else that should seeke to clymbe by them;
and it is inough in them, that they can pare their nayles
well, to get them a liuing, when as the seauen liberall
sciences and a good legge, will scarce get a scholler bread
and cheese.

These whelpes of the first lytter of gentilitie, these ex-
halations, drawen vp to the heauen of honour from the
dunghill of abiect fortune, haue long been on horsebacke
to come riding to your diuellship; but, I know not how,
lyke Saint George, they are alwaies mounted but neuer
moue. Here they out-face towne and countrey, and doo
nothing but bandie factions with their betters. Their
bigge limbes yeeld the common-wealth no other seruice
but idle sweate, and their heads, like rough hewen
gloabes, are fit for nothing but to be the blockhouses for

sleepe. Raynold, the fox, may well beare vp his tayle in the lyons denne, but when he comes abroad, he is afraide of euerie dogge that barks. What curre will not bawle, and be readie to flye in a mans face, when he is set on by his master, who, if hee bee not by to encourage him, he casts his tayle betwixt his legges, and steales away like a sheepe-byter. Ulisses was a tall man vnder Ajax shield, but by himselfe hee would neuer aduenture but in the night. Pride is neuer built but vpon some pillers; and let his supporters faile him neuer so little, you shall finde him verie humble in the dust. Wit oftentimes stands in steade of a chiefe arche to vnderprop it, in souldiers strength, in women beautie.

Drudges, that haue no extraordinarie giftes of bodie nor of minde, filche themselues into some noble-mans seruice, either by bribes or by flatterie, and, when they are there, they so labour it with cap and knee, and ply it with priuie whisperinges, that they wring themselues into his good opinion ere he be aware. Then, doo they vaunt themselues ouer the common multitude, and are readie to braue anie man that stands by himselfe. Their lords authoritie is as a rebater to beare vp the peacocks tayle of their boasting, and anie thing that is said or done to the vnhandsoming of their ambition is straight wrested to the name of treason. Thus doo weedes grow vp whiles no man regards them, and the ship of fooles is arriued in the hauen of felicitie, whilest the scouters of envie contemne the attempts of anye such small barks.

But beware you that be great mens fauorites: let not a seruile, insinuating slaue, creep betwixt your legs into credit with your lords; for pesants that come out of the colde of pouertie, once cherisht in the bosome of prosperitie, will straight forget that euer there was a winter of want, or who gaue them roome to warme them. The son of a churle cannot choose but prooue vngrateful, like

The base insinuating of drudges, and their practise to aspyre.

his father. Trust not a villaine that hath been miserable, and is sodainely growen happie. Vertue ascendeth by degrees of desert vnto dignitie: golde and lust may lead a man a nearer way to promotion, but he that hath neither comelinesse nor coyne to commend him, vndoubtedly strydes ouer time by stratagems, if of a moale-hill hee growes to a mountaine in a moment. This is that which I vrge: there is no frendship to be had with him that is resolute to doo or suffer any thing rather than to endure the destenie whereto he was borne; for he will not spare his owne father or brother to make himselfe a gentleman.

As by carrying tales, or playing the douty pandor.

The pride of the Spaniard.

Fraunce, Italy, and Spaine, are all full of these false-hearted Machiuillians; but properly pride is the disease of the Spaniard, who is born a braggart in his mother's womb; for, if he be but 17 yeares olde, and hath come to the place where a field was fought, (though halfe a yeare before) hee then talkes like one of the giants that made warre against heaven, and stands vpon his honor, as much as if he were one of Augustus souldiers, of whom he first instituted the Order of Herald: and let a man sooth him in this vayne of kilcowe vanitie, you maye commaund his heart out of his belly to make you a rasher on the coales, if you will next your heart.

The pride of the Italian.

The Italian is a more cunning proud fellow, and hides his humor farre cleanlier, and, indeed, seemes to take a pride in humilitie, and will profer a straunger more curtesie than he meanes to performe. Hee hateth him deadly that takes him at his word: as, for example, if vpon an occasion of meeting he request you to dinner or supper at his house, and that at the first or second intreatie you promise to be his guest, he will be the mortalst enemie you haue: but if you deny him, he will think you have manners and good bringing vp, and will loue you as his brother: marry, at the thirde or fourth

time you must not refuse him. Of all things he counteth it a mightie disgrace to haue a man passe justling by him in hast on a narrow causey, and aske him no leaue, which hee neuer reuengeth with lesse than the stab.

The Frenchman (not altered from his owne nature) is wholly compact of deceivable courtship, and (for the most part) loues none but himselfe and his pleasure: yet though he be the most Grand Signeur of them all, he will say, *A vostre service et commandement monsieur*, to the meanest vassaile he meetes. He thinkes he doth a great fauour to that gentleman, or follower of his, to whom hee talkes sitting on his close stoole: and with that fauour (I have heard) the princes wonted to grace the noble men of Fraunce; and a great man of their nation comming (in time past) ouer into England, and being here verie honorably receiued, hee, in requital of his admirable entertainment, on an euening going to the priue, (as it were to honour extraordinarielie our English lords appointed to attend vpon him) gaue one the candle, another his girdle, and another the paper: but they (not acquainted with this newe kinde of gracing) accompanying him to the priue dore, set downe the trash, and so left him; which hee (considering what inestimable kindnesse he extended to them therein more than vsuall) took very hainouslie.

The pride of
the French-
man.

The most grosse and senselesse proud dolts (in a difference from all these kindes) are the Danes, who stande so much vpon their vnweldie burlibound souldiery, that they account of no man that hath not a battle axe at his girdle to hough dogs with, or weares not a cock's fether in a thrumb hat like a caualier: briefly, he is the best foole bragart vnder heauen. For, besides, nature hath lent him a flabberkin face, like one of the foure windes, and cheekes that sagge like a woman's dugges ouer his chin-bone, his apparaile is so puft vp with bladders of

The pride of
the Dane.

If you know him not by any of these marks, look on his fingers, and you shall bee sure to find halfe a dozen siluer rings, worth three pence a peece.

The Danes enemies to all learning.

taffatie, and his backe (like biefe stufte with parley) so drawne out with ribands and deuises, and blisterd with light sarcenet bastings, that you would thinke him nothing but a swarme of butterflyes, if you saw him a farre off. Thus walkes hee vp and downe in his maiestie, taking a yard of ground at euery step, and stampe on the earth so terrible, as if he ment to knock vp a spirite, when (foule drunken bezzle) if an Englishman set his little finger to him, he falls like a hog's-trough that is set on one end. Therefore, I am the more vehement against them, because they are an arrogant asse-headed people, that naturally hate learning, and all them that loue it: yea, and for they would vtterly roote it out from amongst them, they haue with-drawen all rewards from the professors thereof. Not *Barbary* it selfe is halfe so barbarous as they are.

First, whereas the hope of honour maketh a souldier in England: byshopricks, deanries, prebendaries, and other priuate dignities animate our diuines to such excellence: the ciuill lawyers haue their degrees and consistories of honour by themselves, equall in place with knights and esquiers: the common lawyers (suppose in the beginning they are but husbandmen's sonnes) come in time to be the chiefe fathers of the land, and many of them not the meanest of the Privie Counsell.

No rewards among them for desert.

There, the souldiour may fight himselfe out of his skinne, and doe more exploitits than hee hath doys in his purse, before from a common mercenary hee come to bee corporall of the mould cheese, or the lieftennant gette a captainship. None but the sonne of a corporall must bee a corporall, nor any be captaine but the lawfull begotten of a captaine's body. Byshops, deanes, prebendaries, why they know no such functions: a sort of ragged ministers they haue, of whom they account as basely as waterbearers. If any of the noblemen refrayn three

howers in his life time from drinking, to study the lawes, he may, perhaps, haue a little more gouernment put in his hands than an other ; but, otherwise, burgomasters and gentlemen beare the sway of both swords, spiritual and temporall. It is death there for any but a husbandman to marrie a husbandman's daughter, or a gentleman's childe to ioine with any but the sonne of a gentleman. Mary thys, the king may well banish, but he cannot put a gentleman to death in any cause whatsoeuer, which makes them stand vpon it so proudly as they doe. For fashion sake some will put their children to schoole, but they set them not to it till they are fourteene yeare old ; so that you shall see a great boy with a beard learne his A B C, and sit weeping vnder the rod when he is thirty yeeres olde.

I will not stand to inferre what a preiudice it is to the thrift of a florishing state, to poyson the groth of glory, by giuing it nought but the puddle water of penury to drinke ; to clippe the wings of a high tousing faulcon, who, whereas she wont in her feathered youthfulness, to looke with amiable eye on her gray breast, and her speckled side sayles, all sinnowed with siluer quilles, and to driue whole armies of fearfull foules before her to her master's table ; now shee sits sadly on the ground, picking of wormes, mourning the cruelty of those vngentleman-like idle hands, that dismembreth the beauty of her trayne.

You all know that man (in so much as hee is the image of God) delighteth in honour and worship ; and al holy writ warrants that delight, so it bee not derogatory to any part of God's owne worship. Now, take away that delight, a discontented idlenesse ouertakes him. For his hyre, any handicraft man, be he carpenter joyner or paynter, will ploddingly do his day-labor ; but to adde credit and fame to his workmanship, or to winne a mas-

What it is to
make labour
without hope.

tery to himselfe aboue all other, hee will make a further assay in his trade than euer hitherto hee did: hee will haue a thousand florishes, which before hee neuer thought vpon, and in one day rid more out of hand than erst hee did in ten. So in armes, so in arts: if tytles of fame and glory bee proposed to forward mindes, or that any souereigntie (whose sweetnes they haue not yet felt) bee set in likely view for them to sore to, they will make a ladder of cord of the links of their braines, but they wil fasten their hands, as wel as their eies, on the imaginatiue blisse, which they already enioy by admiration. Experience reproues me for a fool, for delating on so manifest a case.

And that
sense often
times makes
them sence-
lesse.

The Danes are bursten-bellied sots, that are to be confuted with nothing but tankerds or quart pots, and Ovid might as wel haue read his verses to the Getes that vnderstood him not, as a man talke reason to them that haue no eares but their mouthes, nor sense but of that which they swallow downe their throates. God so loue mee, as I loue the quickwitted Italians, and therefore loue them the more, because they mortally detest this surley swinish generation.

Withered
flowers need
much water-
ing.
And will in-
dure all wea-
thers as wel
as they.
They may
well be called
counterfeits,
since the
beauty they
imitate is
counter-
feyted.

I neede not fetch colours from other countreyes to paint the vgly visage of Pride, since her picture is set foorth in so manie painted faces here at home. What drugs, what sorceries, what oyles, what waters, what oyntments, doo our curious dames vse to enlarge their wythered beauties. Their lips are as lauishly red, as if they vsed to kisse an okerman euery morning, and their cheekes suger-candyed and cherry blusht so sweetly after the colour of a newe Lord Mayor's posts, as if the pageant of their wedlocke holiday were hard at the doore; so that if a painter were to drawe anie of their counterfets on a table, he needes no more but wet his pencill, and dab it on their cheekes, and he shall haue vermillion and white enough to furnish out his work, though he leaue his tar-

boxe at home behinde him. Wise was that sin-washing poet that made the ballet of Blue Starch and Poaking Stickcs, for, indeed, the lawne of licentiousnesse hath consumed all the wheate of hospitalitie. It is saide, Lawrence Lucifer, that you went vp and downe London crying then like a lanterne and candle man. I meruaile no laundresse would giue you the washing and starching of your face for your labour, for God knowes it is as blacke as the Blacke Prince.

It is suspected you haue been a great tobacco-taker in your youth, which causeth it to come so to passe; but Dame Nature, your nurse, was partly in fault, else she might haue remedied it. She should haue noynted your face ouer night with *lac virginis*, which, bakeing vpon it in bed till the morning, she might haue pild off the scale like the skin of a custard; and making a posset of vergis mixt with the oyle of Tartary and camphire, and bathde it in it a quarter of an houre, and you had been as faire as the floure of the frying-pan. I warrant, we haue old hacksters in this great grandmother of corporations, Madam Troynonant, that haue not backbited anie of their neighbours with the tooth of envie this twentie yeare, in the wrinckles of whose face yee may hide false dice, and play at cherry pit in the dint of their cheekes; yet these aged mothers of iniquitie will haue their deformities newe plaistered ouer, and weare nosegayes of yeolow haire on their furies forheads, when age hath written, Hoe! God, be here! on their bald, burnt, parchment pates. Pish, pish! what talke you of olde age or balde pates? Men and women that haue gone vnder the south pole, must lay of theyr furre night-caps in spyght of their teeth, and become yeomen of the vineger bottle: a close periwig hides al the sinnes of an old whore-master; but *cucullus non facit monachum*—'tis not their newe bonnets will keepe them from the old boan-ach. Ware when a man's

Marke these two letter-leaping metaphors, good people.

So saith the learned Polihistor Rimerus, in his first booke, first page and first line of hys ballad of blew starch.

The devill a great tobacco taker.

A medicine to make the devill faire.

He that wipes his nose, and hath it not, shall forfeit his whole face.

Alias, Mother Cornelius Meridian.

Translated word for word, juxta originale.

sinnes are written on his ey-browes, and that there is not a hayre bredth betwixt them and the falling sicknesse. The times are dangerous, and this is an yron age ; or rather no yron age, for swords and bucklers goe to pawne apace in Long Lane, but a tinne age, for tinne and pewter are more esteemed than Latine. You that be wise, despise it, abhorre it, neglect it, for what should a man care for golde that cannot get it.

The commen-
dation of An-
tequaries.
*Laudamus
veteres, sed
nostris utimur
annis.*

An antiquarie is an honest man, for he had rather scrape a peece of copper out of the durt, than a crowne out of Ploidon's standish. I know manie wise gentlemen of this mustie vocation, who, out of loue with the times wherein they liue, fall a retayling of Alexander's stirrups, because (in veritie) there is not such a strong peece of stretching leather made now adaies, nor yron so well tempred for anie mony. They will blow their nose in a box, and say it is the spettle that Diogenes spet in ones face, who, being invited to dinner to his house, that was neate and braue in all poynts as might be deuised, and the grunting dog, somewhat troubled with the rheume (by meanes of his long fasting, and staying for for dinner more than wont), spet full in his host's face ; and, being askt the reason of it, said it was the foulest place he could spie out in all his house. Let their mistres (or some other woman) giue them a fether of her fanne for a fauour, and if one aske them what it is, they make answere a plume of the Phenix, wherof there is but one in the whole world. A thousand jymiams and toyes haue they in theyr chambers, which they heape vp together, with infinite expence, and are made beleeeue of them that sel them, that they are rare and precious things, when they haue gathered them vp on some dunghill, or rakte them out of the kennell by chaunce. I knowe one sold an olde rope with foure knots on it for foure pound, in that he gaue it out, it was the length and bredth of

Christ's tomb. Let a tinker take a peece of brasse worth a halfpennie, and set strange stampes on it, and I warrant he may make it more worth to him of some fantastick foole, than all the kettels that euer he mended in his life. This is the disease of our new-fangled humorists, that know not what to doo with their wealth. It argueth a verie rustie wit, so to doate on worm-eaten elde.

Out vpon it ! how long is Pride a dressing herselfe ?
 Enuie, awake ! for thou must appeare before *Nicholao Malevolo*, great muster-master of hel. Mark you this sly mate, how smoothly he lookes ? The poets were ill aduised that fained him to be a leane, gag-toothed bel-dame, with hollow eyes, pale cheekes, and snakie haire ; for hee is not onely a man, but a iolly, lustie, olde gentleman, that will wink, and laugh, and iest drily, as if he were the honestest of a thousand ; and, I warrant, you shall not heare a foule word come from him in a yeare. I will not contradict it, but the dog may worrie a sheepe in the darke, and thrust his neck into the collar of clemencie and pitie when he hath done ; as who should say, God forgive him ! he was a sleep in the shambles, when the innocent was done to death. But openly, Enuie sets a ciuill, fatherly countenance vpon it, and hath not so much as a drop of bloud in his face to attaint him of murther. I thought it expedient, in this my Supplication, to place it next vnto Pride, for it is his adopted sonne : and hence comes it that proud men repine at others prosperitie, and grieve that anie should be great but themselues. *Meus cuiusque, is est quisque* ; it is a prouerbe that is as hoarie as Dutch-butter. If a man will goe to the diuell, he may goe to the diuell : there are a thousand iugling trickes to be vsed at Hey, passe, come aloft ! and the world hath cords enough to trusse vp a calfe that stands in ones way. Enuie is a crocodile that weepes when he kills, and fights with none but he

The complaint of Envy.

myt
Pride

feedes on. This is the nature of this quicksighted monster : — he will endure anie paines to endamage another ; wast his bodie with vndertaking exploytes that would require ten men's strengths, rather than any should get a penie but himselfe ; bleare his eyes to stand in his neighbor's light, and, to conclude, like Atlas vnderprop heauen, rather than anie should be in heauen that he likde not of, or come to heauen by anie other meanes but by him.

Phillip of
Spayne as
great an ene-
my to man-
kinde as the
devil.

You, goodman wandrer about the world, how do ye spend your time, that you doo not rid vs of these pestilent members ? You are vnworthie to haue an office, if you can execute it no better. Behold another enemie of mankind, besides thy selfe, exalted in the south, — Philip of Spaine ; who, not contented to be the god of gold and chiefest commaunder of content that Europe affords, but now he doth nothing but thirst after humane blood, when his foote is on the threshold of the graue : and as a wolfe, beeing about to deuoure a horse, doth balist his belly with earth, that he may hang the heavier vpon him, and then forcibly flyes in his face, neuer leauing his hold till he hath eaten him vp ; so this woluish vnnatural usurper, being about to deuoure all Christendome by inuasion, doth cramme his treasures with Indian earth to make his malice more forcible, and then flyes in the bosome of France and Belgia, neuer withdrawing his forces (as the wolfe his fastning) till hee hath deuoured their welfare, and made the war-wasted carcasses of both kingdomes a pray for his tyrannie. Onely poore *England* giues him bread for his cake, and holds him out at the armes end. His Armados (that, like a high wood, ouer-shadowed the shrubs of our lowe ships) fled from the breath of our cannons, as vapors before the sunne, or as the elephant flyes from the ramme, or the sea-whale from the noyse of parched bones. The winds, enuying that the aire

should be dimmed with such a *chaos* of wooden clowdes, raised vp high bulwarkes of bellowing waues, where Death shot at their disorderd nauie; and the rockes with their ouer-hanging jawes, eate vp all the fragments of oake that they left. So perisht our foes, so the heauens did fight for vs—*Præterit Hippomenes, resonant spectacula plausu.*

I doo not doubt (Doctor Diuell) but you were present in this action, or passion, rather, and helpt to bore holes in ships to make them sink faster; and rence out galley-foysts with salt water, that stanke like fustie barrells with their masters' feare. It will bee a good while ere you doo as much for the king, as you did for his subjects. I would haue ye perswade an armie of goutie usurers to goe to sea vppon a boon voyage: trye if you can tempt Enuie to embark himselfe in the maladuenture, and leaue troubling the streame, that poets and good fellowes may drinke, and souldiers sing *placebo*, that haue murmured so long at the waters of strife.

But that will neuer be; for as long as Pride, Ryot, and Whoredome are the companions of yong courtiers, they will alwayes be hungrie, and readie to bite at anie dogge that hath a boane giuen him beside themselues. Jesu! what secret grudge and rancour raignes amongst them, one beeing readie to despaire of himselfe, if hee see the prince but giue his fellow a faire look, or to dye for greefe if hee bee put downe in brauerye neuer so little. Yet this custome haue our false harts fetcht from other countries, that they wil sweare and protest loue where they hate deadly, and smile on him most kindly, whose subuersion in soule they haue vowed. *Fraus sublimi regnat in aula*—'Tis rare to find a true friend in kings' pallaces: eyther thou must be so miserable that thou fall into the hands of scornfull pittie, or thou canst not escape the stinge of enuy. In one thought, assem-

Murder, the
companion of
Envy.

Italie the
store-house of
all murderous
inventions.

The pasquill
that was
made upon
this last Pope.

ble the famous men of all ages, and tell mee which of them all sat in the sunneshine of his soueraigne's grace, or wext great of lowe beginnings, but hee was spite-blasted, heau'd at, and ill spoken of, and that of those that bare them most countenance. But were Enuy nought but words, it might seeme to be onely women's sinne; but it hath a lewde mate hanging on his sleeue, called Murther, a sterne fellow, that (like a Spanyard in fight) aymeth all at the heart: hee hath more shapes than Proteus, and will shift himselfe, vppon any occasion of reuengement, into a man's dish, his drinke, his apparell, his rings, his stirhops, his nosgay.

O Italie, the academie of man-slaughter, the sporting place of murther, the apothecary-shop of poyson for all nations! how many kind of weapons hast thou inuented for malice! Suppose I loue a man's wife, whose husband yet liues, and cannot enioy her for his iealous ouer-looking, phisicke, or, rather, the art of murther, (as it may be vsed) will lend one a medicine, which shall make him away in nature of that disease hee is most subiect too, whether in the space of a yeere, a moneth, halfe a yeere, or what tract of time you will, more or lesse.

In Rome the papall chayre is washt, euery fife yeere at the furthest, with this oyle of aconitum. I pray God, the Kinge of Spayne feasted not our holy father Sextus, that was last, with such conserve of henbane; for it was credibly reported hee loued him not, and thys, that is now, is a god made with his owne hands; as it may appeare by the pasquill that was set vp of him, in a manner of a note, presently after his election—*Sol. Re. Me. Fa.* that is to say, *Solus Rex Me Facit*, onely the King of Spayne made me pope. I am no chronicler from our owne cuntry, but if probable suspition might be heard vpon his oath, I thinke some men's soules would be

canonized for martyrs, that on earth did sway it as monarchies.

As Cardinal
Wolsey, for
example.

Is it your wil and pleasure (noble Lants-graue of *Lymbo*) to let us haue lesse carousing to your health in poyson, fewer vnder-hand conspyrings, or open quarrells executed onely in wordes, as they are in the worlde nowe a dayes; as if men will needes carouse, conspire, and quarrell, that they may make Ruffians' Hall of hell, and there bandy balls of brimstone at one an others head, and not trouble our peacable Paradize with their priuate hurliburlies about strumpets, where no weapon (as in Adam's Paradize) shold be named, but onely the angell of Prouidence stand with a fiery sword at the gate to keepe out our enemies.

A perturbation of minde (like vnto Enuy) is Wrath, which looketh farre lower than the former; for, whereas Enuy cannot be said to be but in respect of our superiours, Wrath respecteth no degrees nor persons, but is equally armed agaynst all that offend him. A hare-brained little dwarfe it is, with a swarth visage, that hath his hart at his tongue's end, if he be contraride, and will be sure to doe no right, nor take no wrong. If hee bee a iudge or a justice (as sometimes the lyon comes to giue sentence against the lamb), then he swears by nothing but by Saint Tyborne, and makes Newgate a nounge substantiue, whereto all his other words are but adiectiues. Lightly, hee is an olde man, (for those yeares are most wayward and teatish) yet be he neuer so olde or so froward, since Auarice likewise is a fellow vice of those fraile yeares, we must set one extreame to striue with another, and alay the anger of oppression by the sweet incense of a newe purse of angels; or the doting planet may haue such predominance in these wicked elders of Israel, that, if you send your wife, or some other female, to plead for you, she may get your

The complaint of
Wrath a
branch of
Envy.

Little men for
the most part
are most
angry.

Newgate, a
common name
for al prisons,
as homo is a
common name
for a man or a
woman.

pardon vppon promise of better acquaintance. But whist! these are the workes of darknesse, and may not be talkt of in the day time. Furie is a heate, or fire, and must bee quencht with maides water.

A tale of a
wise justice.

Amongst other cholericke wise justices he was one that, hauing a play presented before him and his touneship by Tarlton and the rest of his fellowes, her Maiesties seruants, and they were now entring into their first meriment (as they call it), the people began exceedingly to laugh, when Tarlton first peept out his head. Whereat the justice, not a little moued, and seeing with his becke and nods, hee could not make them cease, he went with his staffe, and beat them round about vnmercifully on the bare pates, in that they, being but farmers and poore countrey hyndes, would presume to laugh at the Queenes men, and make no more account of her cloath in his presence.

The nature of
the Irishman.

The causes conducting vnto Wrath are as diuers as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a mad man if they see a pigge come to the table. Sotericus, the surgeon, was cholericke at sight of sturgeon. The Irishman will draw his dagger, and bee readie to kill and slay, if one break wind in his companie—and so some of our English men, that be souldiers, if one giue them the lye. But these are light matters, whereof Pierce complaineth not.

Be aduertised, Master *Os fetidum*, bedle of the blacksmithes, that lawyers cannot deuise which way in the world to begge, they are so troubled with brabblements and sutes euerie tearme, of yeomen and gentlemen that fall out for nothing. If John a Nokes his henne doo but leap into Elizabeth de Gappes close, shee will neuer leaue hunting her husband till he bring it to a *nisi prius*. One while, the parson sueth the parishioner for bringing home his tythes; another while, the parishioner

sueth the parson for not taking away his tythes in time.

I heard a tale of a butcher, who, driuing two calues over a common that were coupled together by the neckes with an oken wyth, in the way where they should passe, there lay a poore, leane mare, with a galde backe ; to whome they comming (as chance fell out), one of one side, and the other of the other, smelling on her, (as their manner is) the midst of the wyth that was betwixt their neckes rubd her, and grated her on the sore backe, that shee started and rose vp, and hung them both on her backe as a beame ; which, being but a rough plaister to her raw vicer, she ran away with them (as she were frantick) into the fens, where the butcher could not follow them, and drownde both her self and them in a quagmyre. Now, the owner of the mare is in law with the butcher for the losse of his mare, and the butcher enterchangeably endites him for his calues. I pray ye, Timothie Tempter, be an arbitrator betwixt them, and couple them both by the neckes, (as the calues were) and carrie them to hel on your backe, and then, I hope, they will be quiet.

A merry tale
of a butcher
and his calues.

The chiefe spur vnto Wrath is drunkennes, which, as the touch of an ashen bough causeth a gidinesse in the viper's head, and the batte, lighty strooke with the leafe of a tree, loseth his remembrance, so they, being but lightly sprinckled with the iuyce of the hop, become sencelesse, and haue their reason strooken blind, as soon as euer the cup scaleth the fortresse of their nose. Then run their words at random, like a dog that runnes after his master, and are vppe with this man and that man, and generally invey against all men, but those that keepe a wette corner for a friend, and will not thinke scorne to drinke with a good fellowe and a souldiour ; and so long doe they practise this traine on the ale-bench, that, when they are sober, they cannot leaue it. There be them that

gette their lyuing all the yeere long by nothing but rayling.

A tale of one
Fryer Charles
a foule
mouthde
knaue.

Not farre from Chester, I knewe an odde, foule-mouthde knaue, called Charles the Fryer, that had a face so parboyled with mens spitting on it, and a backe so often knighted in Bridewell, that it was impossible for any shame or punishment to terrifie him from ill speaking. Noblemen hee would liken to more vgly things than himselfe; some to after my most hearty commendations, with a dash ouer the head; others to guilded chines of beefe, or a shoemaker sweating when hee pulles on a shooe; another to an olde verse in Cato, *Ad consilium ne accesseris, antequam voceris*; an other to a Spanish codpisse; an other that his face was not yet finisht, with such like innumerable absurd allusions: yea, what was he in the court but he had a comparison instead of a capcase to put him in. Upon a time, being challengde at his owne weapon in a priuate chamber, by a great personage, (rayling, I meane) he so farre outstript him in villainous words, and ouer-handied him in bitter terms, that the name of sport could not persuaide him patience, or containe his furie in anie degrees of iest, but needes hee must wreake himselfe vpon him: neither would a common reuenge suffice him, his displeasure was so infinite, (and, it maybe, common reuenges he tooke before, as farre as the whipcord would stretch vpon like prouokements) wherefore he caused his men to take him, and bricke him vp in a narrow chimney, that was *neque major neque minor corpore locato*; where he fed him for fiftene dayes with bread and water through a hole, letting him sleepe standing if he would, for lye or sit he could not, and then he let him out to see if he could learne to rule his tongue anie better.

It is a disparagement to those that haue anie true

spark of gentilitie, to be noted of the whole world so to delight in detracting, that they should keepe a venomous toothde curre, and feede him with the crums that fall from his table, to doe nothing but bite euery one by the shins that passe by. If they will needes be merrie, let them haue a foole, and not a knaue, to disport them, and seeke some other to bestow their almes on, than such an impudent begger.

As there be them that rayle at all men, so there be them that rayle at all artes, as Cornelius Agrippa, *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, and a treatise that I haue seene in dispraise of learning; where he saith, it is the corrupter of the simple, the schoolemaster of sinne, the storehouse of treacherie, the reuiuer of vices, and mother of cowardize; alleading manie examples how there was neuer man egregiously euill but hee was a scholler; that, when the vse of letters was first inuented, the Golden World ceased, *facinusque invasit mortales*; how studie doth effeminate a man, dimme his sight, weaken his braine, and engender a thousand diseases. Small learning would serue to confute so manifest a scandale; and I imagine all men, like my selfe, so vnmoueablie resolved of the excellence thereof, that I will not, by the vnderpropping of confutation, seeme to giue the idle-witted aduersarie so much encouragement, as he should surmize his superficiall arguments had shaken the foundation of it, 'gainst which he could neuer haue lifted his penne if herself had not helpt him to hurt herselfe.

With the enemies of poetry, I care not if I haue a bout; and those are they that tearme our best writers but babling ballat-makers, holding them fantastickal fooles that haue wit, but cannot tell how to vse it. I, my selfe, haue beene so censured among some dull-headed diuines, who deeme it no more cunning to write an exquisit poem, than to preach pure Calvin, or distill the

An invective
against the
enemies of
Poetry.

Absit arrogantia, that this speech should concerne all diuines but such dunces as abridge men of their lawfull liberty, and care not how unprepared they speake to their auditory.

Such sermons I meane as sectaries preach in ditches, and other conuenticles, when they leape from the cobbler's stall to their pulpits.

The use of Poetry.
Encomium H. Smithi.

iuice of a commentary into a quarter sermon. Proue it when you will, you slow spirited Saturnists, that haue nothing but the pilfries of your penne to pollish an exhortation withall; no eloquence but tautologies to tye the eares of your auditory vnto you; no inuention but heere is to be noted, "I stole this note out of Beza or Marlorat;" no wit to moue, no passion to vrge, but onely an ordinary forme of preaching, blowen vp by vse of often hearing and speaking; and you shall finde there goes more exquisite paynes and purity of wit to the writing of one such rare poem as Rosamond, than to a hundred of your dunsticall sermons.

Should we (as you) borrow all out of others, and gather nothing of our selues, our names would be baffuld on euerie booke-sellers stall, and not a chandler's mustard-pot but would wipe his mouth with our wast paper. New herrings, new! we must cry, euery time we make our selues publike, or else we shall be christend with a hundred newe tytles of idiotisme. Nor is poetry an art whereof there is no vse in a man's whole life, but to describe discontented thoughts and youthfull desires, for there is no study but it dooth illustrate and beautifie. How admirably shine those diuines aboue the common mediocritie, that haue tasted the sweet springs of Pernassus!

Siluer-tongu'd Smith, whose well tun'd stile hath made thy death the generall teares of the Muses, queintlye couldst thou deuise heauenly ditties to Apolloes lute, and teach stately verse to trip it as smoothly as if Ouid and thou had but one soule. Hence along did it proceede, that that thou wert such a plausible pulpit man, before thou entredst into the wonderfull wayes of theologie, thou refinedst, preparedst, and purifiedst thy wings with sweete poetrie. If a simple man's censure may be admitted to speake in such an open theater of opinions, I neuer saw abundant reading better mixt with delight, or sentences

which no man can challenge of prophane affectation, sounding more melodious to the eare, or piercing more deepe to the heart.

To them that demaund, what fruites the poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to approue themselves necessarie to the state? thus I answer: first and formost, they haue cleansed our language from barbarisme, and made the vulgar sort, here in *London*, (which is the fountaine whose riuers flowe round about *England*) to aspire to a richer puritie of speach than is communicated with the comminalltie of anie nation vnder heauen. The vertuous by their praises they encourage to be more vertuous; to vicious men they are as infernall hags, to haunt their ghosts with eternall infamie after death. The soldiour, in hope to haue his high deedes celebrated by their pens, despiseth a whole armie of perills, and acteth wonders exceeding all humane coniecture. Those that care neither for God nor the diuell, by their quills are kept in awe. *Multi famam, (saith one) pauci conscientiam verentur.*

The fruits of Poetry.

Plin. lib. 3.

Let God see what he wil, they would be loath to haue the shame of the world. What age wil not praysse immortal Sir Philip Sidney, whom noble Salustius (that thrice singular French poet) hath famoused, together with Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper, and merry Sir Thomas Moore, for the chiefe pillars of our English speech. Not so much but Chaucer's host, Baly in Southwarke, and his wife of Bath, he keepes such a stirre with in his *Canterbury* tales, shalbe talkt of whilst the Bath is vsde, or there be euer a badde house in Southwarke.

Gentles, it is not your lay chronigraphers that write of nothing but of Mayors and Sheriefs, and the deare yeere, and the great frost, that can endowe your names wyth neuer dated glory; for they want the wings of

The dispraise of laie chronigraphers.

choyse words to flye to heauen, which wee haue. They cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from men reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the hunny of all flowers, the quintessence of all scyences, the marrowe of witte, and the very phrase of angels. How much better is it, then, to haue an eligant lawyer to plead ones cause, than a stutting townsman, that loseth himselfe in his tale, and dooth nothing but make legs; so much is it better for a nobleman, or gentleman, to haue his honour's story related; and his deedes emblazond, by a poet than a cittizen.

Alas, poor latynlesse authors! they are so simple, they knowe not what they doe: they no sooner spy a new ballad, and his name to it that compilde it, but they put him in for one of the learned men of our time. I maruell how the masterlesse men, that sette vp their bills in Paules for seruices, and such as paste vp their papers on euery post, for arithmetique and writing-schooles, scape eternitie amongst them: I beleue both they and the knight marshal's men, that nayle vp mandates at the court gate, for annoying the pallace with filth or making water, if they set their names to the writing, will shortly make vp the number of the learned men of our time, and be as famous as the rest. For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to my selfe, yet haue I worpe a gowne in the university, and so hath *caret tempus non habet moribus*; but this I dare presume, that, if any Mecænas binde mee to him by his bounty, or extend some round liberalitie to mee worth the speaking of, I will doe him as much honour as any poet of my beardlesse yeares shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can doe, but that I attribute so much to my thankfull mind aboue others, which I am perswaded would enable me to worke miracles.

On the contrary side, if I bee euill intreated, or sent

away with a flea in mine eare, let him looke that I will rayle on him soundly; not for an houre or a day, whiles the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate, polished poem, which I will leaue to the world when I am dead, to be a liuing image to all ages of his beggerly parsimony and ignoble illiberalitie: and let him not (what soeuer he be) measure the weight of my words by this booke, where I write *quicquid in buccam venerit*, as fast as my hand can trot, but I haue tearmes (if I be vext) laid in steepe in *aqua fortis* and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skyes, and make an earthquake in a pesant's eares. Put case (since I am not yet out of the theame of Wrath) that some tyred jade belonging to the presse, whome I neuer wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not doo him), and accused me of want of learning, vpbraiding me for reuiuing, in an epistle of mine, the reuerend memorie of Sir Thomas Moore, Sir John Cheeke, Doctor Watson, Doctor Haddon, Doctor Carre, Master Ascham, as if they were no meate but for his masterships mouth, or none but some such, as the sonne of a ropemaker, were worthie to mention them. To shewe how I can rayle, thus would I begin to rayle on him:—Thou that hadst thy hood turned ouer thy eares, when thou wert a bachelor, for abusing of Aristotle, and setting him vpon the schoole gates, painted with asses eares on his head, is it anie discredit for me, thou great baboune, thou pigmee braggart, thou pampheter of nothing but *pæans*, to bee censured by thee, that hast scorned the prince of philosophers: thou, that in thy dialogues soldst hunnie for a halfepenie, and the choysest writers extant for cues a peece; that cam'st to the logick schooles when thou wert a fresh-man, and writst phrases; off with thy gowne, and vntrusse, for I meane to lash thee mightily. Thou hast a brother, hast thou not, student in almanackes?

I would tell you in what booke it is, but I am afrayde it would make hys booke sell in hys latter dayes, which hetherto hath lien dead, & bin a great losse to the printer.

Looke at the chandler's shop, or at the flaxwives stall, if you see no tow nor sope wrapt vp in the title page of such a pamphlet as Incerti authoris, Io Pæan.

Go too! He stand to it, he fathered one of thy bastards, (a booke I meane) which, being of thy begetting, was set forth vnder his name.

Which at home, iwis, was worth a dozen of halters, at least, for, if I be not deceiv'd, his father was a rope-maker.

Gentlemen, I am sure you haue heard of a ridiculous asse, that manie yeares since sold lyes by the great, & wrote an absurd astrologically discourse of the terrible conjunction of Saturne and Jupiter, wherein (as if hee had latelie cast the heauen's water, or been at the anatomizing of the skies intrayles in Surgeons' Hall) hee prophecieth of such strang wonders to ensue from starres distemperature, & the vniuersal adultry of planets, as none but he, that is bawd to those celestiall bodies, could euer descry. What expectation there was of it both in towne and country, the amazement of those times may testifie; and the rather, because he pawned his credit vpon it in these expresse tearmes: "If these things fall not out in euerie poynt as I haue wrote, let mee for euer hereafter loose the credit of my astronomie." Wel, so it happend, that he happend not to be a man of his word: his astronomie broke his day with his creditors, and Saturne and Jupiter proued honest men than all the worlde tooke them for. Where-vpon the poore prognosticator was readie to runne himselfe through with his Jacob's staffe, & cast himselfe headlong from the top of a globe, (as a mountaine) and breake his necke. The whole uniuersitie hyst at him, Tarlton at the Theater made iests of him, and Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing in bear-bayting him with whole bundells of ballets. Would you, in likely reason, gesse it were possible for anie shame-swoln toad to haue the spet-prooffe face to outlive this disgrace? It is, deare brethren, *Vivit, imo, vivit*; and, which is more, he is a vicar.

Poor slaue! I pitie thee that thou hadst no more grace but to come in my way. Why could not you haue sate quyet at home, and writ catechismes, but you must be

comparing me to Martin, and exclayne against me for reckning vp the high schollers of worthie memorie? *Jupiter ingeniis præbet sua numina vatum*, saith Ouid; *seque celebrari quolibet ore sinit*. Which, if it be so, I hope I am *aliquis*, & those men, *quos honoris causa nominavi*, are not greater than gods. Methinks, I see thee stand quiuering and quaking, and euen now lift vp thy hands to heauen, as thanking God my choler is somewhat asswaged; but thou art deceiued, for howeuer I let fall my stile a little, to talk in reason with thee that hast none, I doo not meane to let thee scape so.

Thou hast wronged one for my sake, (whom for the name I must loue) T. N., the Master Butler of Pembroke Hall, a farre better scholler than thy selfe, (in my judgement) and one that sheweth more discretion and gouernment in setting vp a size of bread, than thou in all thy whole booke. Why man, thinke no scorne of him, for he hath helde thee vp a hundred times, whiles the Deane hath giuen thee correction, and thou hast capd and kneed him (when thou wert hungry) for a chipping. But thats nothing, for, hadst thou neuer beene beholding to him, nor holden vp by him, he hath a beard that is a better gentleman than all thy whole body, and a graue countenance, like Cato, able to make thee run out of thy wits for feare, if he looke sternly vpon thee. I haue reade ouer thy sheepish discourse of the Lambe of God and his Enemies, and entreated my patience to bee good to thee whilst I read it; but for all that I could doe with myselfe, (as I am sure I may doe as much as an other man) I could not refrayne, but bequeath it to the priuie, leafe by leafe as I read it, it was so vgly, dorbellically, and lamish. Monstrous, monstrous, and palpable; not to be spoken of in a christian congregation! thou hast skumed ouer the schoole men, and of the froth of theyr folly made a dish of diuinitie brewesse, which the

His owne
words.

dogges will not eate. If the printer haue any great dealings with thee, he were best get a priuiledge be-
times, *ad imprimendum solum*, forbidding all other to
sell waste paper but himselfe, or else he will be in a wo-
full taking. The Lambe of God make thee a wiser bell-
weather than thou art, for else, I doubt thou wilt be
driven to leaue all, and fall to thy father's occupation,
which is, to goe and make a rope to hange thy selfe.
*Neque enim lex æquior ulla est, quam necis artifices
arte perire sua :* and so I leaue thee till a better oppor-
tunitie, to be tormented world without end of our poets
and writers about London, whom thou hast called pi-
perly make-playes and make-bates: not doubting but
he also whom thou tearmest the vayn Pap-hatchet, will
haue a flurt at thee one day, all ioyntly driving thee to
this issue, that thou shalt bee constrained to goe to the
chiefe beame of thy benefice, and there, beginning a la-
mentable speech with *cur scripsi, cur perii*, ende with
præuū praua decent, iuuat inconcessa voluptas, and with
a trice trusse vp thy life in the string of thy sancebell.
So be it, pray penne, inke, and paper, on their knees,
that they may not be troubled with thee any more.

Redeo ad vos, mei auditores. Haue I not a indifferent
pretty veine in spurgalling an asse? if you knew how
extemporall it were at this instant, and with what haste
it is writ, you would say so. But I would not haue you
thinke, that all this that is set downe heere is in good
earnest, for then you goe by S. Gyles the wrong way to
Westminster; but onely to shew how for a neede I could
rayle, if I were throughly fyred. So hoe! Honiger Ham-
mon: where are you all this while, I cannot bee ac-
quainted with you? Tell me, what doe you thinke of
the case? am I subject to the sinne of wrath I write
against, or no, in whetting my penne on this block? I
know you would faine haue it so, but it shal not choose

but be otherwise for this once. Come on: let vs turne ouer a new leafe, and heare what Gluttony can say for her selfe; for Wrath hath spet his poyson, and full platters doe well after extreame purging.

The Romaine emperours that succeeded Augustus were exceedingly giuen to this horrible vice, whereof some of them would feede on nothing but the tongues of phesants and nightingales; other would spend as much at one banquet, as a king's reuenues came to in a yeare: whose excesse I would decypher at large, but that a new Laureate hath sau'd me the labor; who, for a man that standes vpon paines and not wit, hath perform'd as much, as anie storie dresser may doe, that sets a new English nap on an olde Latine apothegs. It is enough for me to licke dishes here at home, though I feed not mine eyes at anie of the Romane feasts. Much good doo it you, Master Dives, here in London: for you are he my pen meanes to dine withall. *Miserere mei*, what a fat churle it is! Why, he hath a belly as big as the round church in Cambridge, a face as huge as the whole bodie of a base viall, and legs that, if they were hollow, a man might keepe a mill in either of them. *Experto crede Roberto*, there is no mast like a merchaunt's table. *Bond fide*, it is a great misture, that we haue not men swine as well as beasts, for then we should haue porke that hath no more bones than a pudding, and a side of bacon that you might lay vnder your head in stead of a bolster.

The com-
playnt of
gluttonie.

It is not for nothing that other countreyes, whome wee vpbrayd with drunkennesse, call vs bursten-bellyed gluttons; for we make our greedie paunches powdring tubs of beefe, and eate more meate at one meale, than the Spaniard or Italian in a month. Good thriftie men, they drawe out a dinner with sallets, like a Swart-rutter's sute, and make Madona Nature their best caterer. We must

Nature in
England is
but playne
dame, but in
Spayne and
Italy (because
they haue
more use of
her than we)
she is dubbed
a lady.

haue our tables furnisht like poultrers stalls, or as though we were to victuall Noah's arke againe, (wherein there was all sorts of liuing creatures that euer were) or els the good-wife wil not open her mouth to bid one welcome. A stranger that should come to one of our magnificoes houses, when dinner were set on the board, and he not yet set, would thinke the Goodman of the house were a haberdasher of wylde-fowle, or a merchant venturer of daintie meate, that sells commodities of good cheere by the great, and hath factors in *Arabia, Turkey, Egipt, and Barbarie*, to prouide him of straunge byrdes, *China* mustard, and odde patternes to make custards by.

Lord! what a coyle haue we, this course and that course, remouing this dish higher, setting another lower, and taking away the third. A generall might in lesse space remoue his camp, than they stand disposing of their gluttonie. And whereto tends all this gurmandise, but to giue sleepe grosse humors to feede on, to corrupt the braine, and make it vnapt and vnweldie for anie thing?

The Romane Censors, if they lighted vppon a fat corpulent man, they straight tooke away his horse, and constrayned him to goe a foote, positiuely concluding his carkasse was so puft up with gluttonie or idlenes. If wee had such horse-takers amongst vs, and that surfet-swolne churles, who now ride on their foot-cloathes, might bee constrayned to carrie their flesh budgets from place to place on foote, the price of veluet and cloath would fall with their bellies, and the Gentle Craft (*alias* the red herrings kinsmen) get more, and drinke lesse. *Plenus venter nil agit libenter, et plures gula occidit quam gladius.* It is as desperate a peece of seruice to sleep vpon a full stomacke, as it is to serue in face of the bullet: a man is but his breath, and that may as wel be stopt by putting too much in his mouth at once, as

running on the mouth of the cannon. That is verified of vs, which Horace writes of an outrageous cater in his time. *Quicquid quæsierat ventri donabat avaro*, whatsoever he could rap or rend, he confiscated to his couetous gut. Nay, we are such flesh-eating Saracens, that chaste fish may not content us, but we delight in the murder of innocent mutton, in the vnpluming of pulterie, and quartering of calves and oxen. It is horrible and detestable, no Godly fishmonger that can digest it. Report (which our moderners clepe flundring fame) puts mee in memorie of a notable jest I heard long agoe of Doctor Watson, verie conducible to the reproofe of these fleshly-minded Belials. He being at supper, on a fasting or fish night at least, with a great number of his friends and acquaintance, there chanced to be in the companie an outlandish doctor, who, when all other fell to such victuals (agreeing to the time) as were before them, he ouerslipt them; and there being one ioynt of flesh on the table for such as had meate stomackes, fell freshly to it. After that hunger (halfe conquered) had restored him to the vse of his speach, for his excuse he said to his friend that brought him thether, *profectò, domine, ego sum malissimus piscator*, meaning by *piscator*, a fishman; (which is a libertie, as also *malissimus*, that outlandish men in their familiar talke doo challenge, at least vse, aboue vs). *At tu es bonissimus carnifex*, quoth Doctor Watson, retorting very merrily his owne licentious figures vpon him. So of vs it may be said, we are *malissimi piscatores*, but *bonissimi carnifices*. I would English the jest, for the edification of the temporalitie, but that it is not so good in English as in Latine: and though it were as good, it would not conuert clubs and clouted shoone from the flesh-pots of *Egipt*, to the provant of the Low-countries; they had rather (with the seruing-man) put vp a supplication to the Parlia-

A rare wittie
iest of Doctor
Watson's.

Or rather
belly-alls, be-
cause all theyr
mind is on
theyr belly.

ment House, that they might haue a yard of pudding for a penie, than desire (with the baker) there might bee three ounces of bread sold for a halfe penie.

The moderation of Fryer Alphonso, King Phillip's confessor.

Alphonsus, King Philip's confessor, that came ouer with him to *England*, was such a moderate man in his dyet, that he would feede but once a day, and at that time hee would feed so slenderly and sparingly, as scarce serued to keep life and soule together. One night, importunately inuited to a solempne banquet, for fashion sake he sate downe among the rest, but by no entreatie could be drawne to eate any thing: at length, frute being set on the boord, he reacht an apple out of the dish, and put it in his pocket, which one marking that sat right ouer against him, askt him, *domine, cur es sollicitus in crastinum?* Sir, why are you careful for the morrowe? Whereto he answered most soberly, *Imo hoc facio, mi amice, ut ne sim sollicitus in crastinum.* No; I doo it, my friend, that I may not be carefull for the morrow: as though his appetite were a whole day contented with so little as an apple, and that it were enough to pay the morrowes tribute to nature.

The strange alteration of the Countie Moline's, the Prince of Parma's companion.

Rare, and worthie to be registred to all posterities, is the Countie Molynes (sometime the Prince of Parmaes companion) altred course of life; who, being a man that liued in as great pompe and delicacie as was possible for a man to doo, and one that wanted nothing but a kingdome that his hart could desire, upon a day entring into a deepe melancholy by himselfe, he fell into a discoursiue consideration what this world was, how vain and transitorie the pleasures thereof, and how manie times he had offended God by surfeiting, gluttonie, drunkennes, pride, whoredome, and such like, and how hard it was for him, that liu'd in that prosperitie that he did, not to bee entangled with those pleasures: whereupon he presently resolu'd, twixt God and his owne conscience, to forsake

it and all his allurements, and betake him to the seuerest forme of life vsed in their State. And with that cald all his souldiers and acquaintance together, and, making knowen his intent vnto them, he distributed his lyuing and possessions (which were infinite) amongst the poorest of them; and hauing not left himselfe the worth of one farthing vnder heauen, betooke him to the most beggerlie new erected order of the Frier Capuchines. Their institution is, that they shall possesse nothing whatsoever of their owne more than the cloathes on their backes, continually to goe barefoote, weare haire shirts, and lye vpon the hard boords, winter and summer time: they must haue no meat, nor ask any but what is giuen them voluntarily, nor must they lay vp any from meale to meale, but giue it to the poore, or els it is a great penaltie. In this seuerer humilitie lyues this deuout Countie, and hath done this foure yeare, submitting himselfe to al the base drudgerie of the house, as fetching water, making cleane the rest of their chambers, insomuch as he is the junior of the order. O! what a notable rebuke were his honourable lowlines to succeeding pride, if this prostrate spirit of his were not the seruaunt of superstition, or hee misspent not his good workes on a wrong faith.

Let but our English belly-gods punish their pursie bodies with this strict penance, and professe the Capuchinisme but one month, and Ile be their pledge, they shall not grow so like dry fats as they doo. O! it will make them jolly long-winded, to trot vp and downe the dotor staires, and the water-tankard will keepe vnder the insurrection of their shoulders, the haire shirt will chase whoredome out of their boanes, and the hard lodging on the boards take their flesh downe a button hole lower.

But if they might be induced to distribute all their

goods amongst the poore, it were to be hoped Saint Peter would let them dwell in the suburbes of heauen; whereas, otherwise, they must keepe aloofe at Pancredge, and not come neere the liberties by fve leagues and aboue. It is your doing (Diotrephes Diuell) that these stall-fed cormorants to damnation must bung vp all the wealth of the land in their snap-haunce bags, and poore schollers and souldiers wander in backe lanes, and the out-shiftes of the citie, with neuer a rag to their backes; but our trust is that, by some intemperance or other, you will tourne vp their heeles, one of these yeares, together, and prouide them of such vnthriffts to their heyres, as shall spend in one weeke amongst good fellowes what they got by extortion and oppression all their life-time.

The com-
plaint of
drunkennes.

Drinking
super nagu-
lum, a devise
of drinking
new come out
of Fraunce;
which is, after
a man hath
turde up the
bottom of the
cup, to drop it
on hys nayle,
and make a
pearl with
that is left;
which, if it
slide, and he
cannot mak
stand on, by
reason thers
too much, he
must drinke
again for his
penance.

From gluttonie in meates, let me discend to superfluitie in drink, a sinne that, euer since we haue mixt our selues with the Low Countries, is counted honourable, but before we knew their lingring warres, was held in the highest degree of hatred that might be. Then, if wee had seene a man goe wallowing in the streetes, or line sleeping vnder the boord, wee would haue spet at him as a toade, and cald him foule, drunken swine, and warned all our friends out of his company: now, he is no body that cannot drinke *super nagulum*, carouse the hunters' hoope, quaffe *vpsey freze crosse*, with leapes gloues, mumpes, frolickes, and a thousand such domi-nering inuentions. He is reputed a pesaunt and a boore that will not take his licour profoundly; and you shall heare a caualier of the first feather, a princockes that was but a page the other day in the court, and now is all to be frenchified in his souldiours sute, stand vpon termes with "God's wounds! you dishonour me, sir, you doo me the disgrace, if you do not pledge me as much as I drunke to you;" and, in the midst of his cups, stand vaunting his manhood, beginning euerie sentence with

"When I first bore armes," when he neuer bare anie thing but his lord's rapier after him in his life. If he haue been ouer, and visited a towne of garrison, as a trauailer or passenger, he hath as great experience as the greatest commander and chiefe leader in *England*. A mightie deformer of men's manners and features is this vnnesse- sary vice of all other. Let him bee indued with neuer so manie vertues, and haue as much goodly proportion and fauour, as Nature can bestow vpon a man, yet if hee be thirstie after his owne destruction, and hath no ioy nor comfort, but when he is drowning his soule in a gallon pot, that one beastly imperfection wil vtterly obscure all that is commendable in him, and all his goode qualities sinke like lead downe to the bottome of his carrowing cups, where they will lye, like lees and dregges, dead and vnregarded of any man.

Clim of the Clough, thou that vset to drinke nothing but scalding lead and sulphur in hell, thou art not so greedie of thy night geare. O! but thou hast a foule swallow if it come once to the carrousing of humane bloud; but thats but sildom, once in seauen yeare, when theres a great execution, otherwise thou art tyde at rack and manger, and drinkst nothing but the *aqua vitæ* of vengeance all thy life time. The prouerbe giues it forth thou art a knaue, and therefore I haue more hope thou art some manner of a good fellowe: let mee in- treat thee (since thou hast other iniquities inough to circumuent vs withall) to wye this sinne out of the catalogue of thy subtilties: helpe to blast the vynes, that they may beare no more grapes, and sowre the wines in the cellars and merchants' storehouses, that our countrey- men maye not pisse out all their wit and thrift against the walls. King Edgar, because his subiects should not offend in swilling, and bibbing, as they did, caused certaine yron cups to be chayned to everie fountaine and wells

King Edgar's
ordinance
against drink-
ing.

The wonder-
full absti-
nence of the
Marquesse of
Pisana, yet
living.

side, and at everie vintner's doore, with yron pins in them, to stint euery man how much he should drinke ; and he that went beyond one of those pins forfeited a pennie for everie draught. And, if stories were well searcht, I belieue hoopes in quart pots were inuented to that ende, that eurie man should take his hoope, and no more. I haue heard it iustified for a truth by great personages, that the olde Marquesse of Pisana (who yet liues) drinkes not once in seauen yeare ; and I haue read of one Andron of *Argos*, that was so sildome thirstie, that hee trauailed ouer the hot, burning sands of *Lybia*, and neuer drank. Then, why should our colde clyme bring forth such fierie throats? Are we more thirstie than *Spaine* and *Italy*, where the sunnes force is doubled? The *Germaines* and Lowe Dutch, methinkes, should bee continually kept moyst with the foggie ayre and stincking mystes that aryse out of theyr fennie soyle ; but as their countrey is ouer-flowed with water, so are their heads alwayes ouer-flown with wine, and in their bellyes they haue standing quag-myres and bogs of English beere.

The private
lawes
amongst
drunkards.

One of their breede it was that writ the booke, *De Arte Bibendi*, a worshipfull treatise, fitte for none but Silenus and his asse to set forth : besides that volume, wee haue generall rules and iniunctions, as good as printed precepts, or statutes set downe by acte of Parliament, that goe from drunkard to drunkard ; as still to keepe your first man, not to leaue anie flockes in the bottome of the cup, to knock the glasse on your thumbe when you haue done, to haue some shooing horne to pul on your wine, as a rasher of the coles, or a redde herring, to stirre it about with a candle's ende to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace whiles the pot is stirring.

Nor haue we one or two kinde of drunkards onely,

but eight kindes. The first is ape drunke; and he leapes, and singes, and hollowes, and daunceth for the heauens: the second is lion drunke; and he flings the pots about the house, calls his hostesse whore, breakes the glasse windowes with his dagger, and is apt to quarrell with anie man that speaks to him: the third is swine drunke; heaue, lumpish, and sleepe, and cries for a little more drinke, and a few more cloathes: the fourth is sheepe drunke; wise in his own conceipt, when he cannot bring foorth a right word: the fifth is mawdlen drunke; when a fellowe will weepe for kindnes in the midst of his ale, and kisse you, saying, "By God, capitaine, I loue thee. Goe thy wayes; thou dost not thinke so often of me as I doo of thee; I would (if it pleased God) I could not loue thee so well as I doo;" and then he puts his finger in his eye, and cryes: the sixth is Martin drunke; when a man is drunke, and drinkes himselfe sober ere he stirre: the seuenth is goate drunke; when, in his drunkennes, he hath no minde but on lecherie: the eighth is fox drunke—when he is craftie drunke, as manie of the Dutchmen bee, that will neuer bargaine but when they are drunke. All these species, and more, haue I seen practised in one companie at one sitting, when I haue been permitted to remayne sober amongst them, onely to note their seuerall humours. Hee that plyes anie one of them harde, it will make him to write admyrable verses, and to haue a deepe casting head, though hee were neuer so verye a dunce before.

The eight
kindes of
drunkennes.

Gentlemen, all you that will not haue your braynes twice sodden, or your flesh rotten with the dropsie, that loue not to goe in greasie dublets, stockings out at the heeles, and weare ale-house daggers at your backs, forswear this slauering brauerie, that will make you haue stinking breathes, and your bodies smell like brewers'

The discom-
modities of
drunkennes.

aprons: rather keepe a snuffe in the bottome of the glasse to light you to bed withall, than leaue neuer an eye in your head to lead you over the threshold. It will bring you, in your olde age, to be companions with none but porters and car-men; to talke out of a cage, rayling as dronken men are wont, a hundred boyes wondering about them; and to dye sodainely, as Fol Long, the fencer, did, drinking *aqua vitæ*. From which (as all the rest) good Lord deliuer Pierce Penillesse!

The com-
plaint of
Sloth.

The nurse of this enormitie (as of all euills) is Idlenes, or Sloth, which, hauing no painefull prouince to set him selfe a worke, runnes headlong, with the raynes in his own hand, into all lasciuiousnesse and sensualitie that maye bee. Men, when they are idle, and know not what to do, saith one, "Let vs goe to the stilliard, and drinke Rhenish wine." "Nay, if a man knew where a good whorehouse were," saith another, "it were somewhat like." "Nay," saith the third, "let vs goe to a dicing-house or a bowling-alley, and there we shall haue some sport for our money." To one of these three (at hand, quoth pick purse) your euill angelship, Master Mani-headed Beast, conducts them, *ubi quid agitur*—betwixt you and their soules be it, for I am no drawer, box-keeper, or pandar, to bee priuie to their sports. If I were to paint Sloth, (as I am not seene in the sweetnings) by Saint John the Euangelist, I sweare I would draw it like a stationer that I knowe, with his thumb vnder his girdle, who, if a man come to his stalle to aske him for a booke, neuer stirres his head, or looks vpon him, but stands stone still, and speakes not a word, only with his little finger poynts backwards to his boy, who must be his interpreter; and so all the day, gaping like a dumbe image, he sits without motion, except at such times as hee goes to dinner or supper, for then he is as

Videlicet, be-

quicke as other three, eating sixe times euerie day. If

I would raunge abroad, and looke in at sluggards' key-holes, I should finde a number lying a bed to saue charges of ordinaries; and in winter, when they want firing, loosing halfe a week's commons together, to keepe them warme in the linnen. And, hold you content, this summer an vnder-meale of an afternoone long doth not amisse to exercise the eyes withall. Fat men and farmers' sonnes, that sweate much with eating hard cheese, and drinking olde wine, must have some more ease than yong boyes, that take their pleasure all day running vp and downe.

fore he come
out of his bed,
then a set
breakfast,
then dinner,
then after
noones
nunchings,
a supper, and
a rere supper.

Setting jesting aside, I hold it a great disputable question, which is a more euill man, of him that is an idle glutton at home, or a retchlesse vnthrift abroad? The glutton at home doth nothing but engender diseases, pamper his flesh vnto lust, and is good for none but his owne gut: the vnthrift a broad exerciseth his bodie at dauncing schoole, fence schoole, tennis, and all such recreations; the vintners, the victuallers, the dicing-houses, and who not, get by him. Suppose he lose a little now and then at play, it teacheth him wit; and how should a man know to eschue vices, if his owne experience did not acquaint him with their inconueniences? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*: that villanie we have made no assayes in, we admyre. Besides, my vagrant reueller haunts playes, and sharpens his wits with frequenting the companie of poets: he emboldens his blushing face by courting faire women on the sodaine, and lookes into all estates by conuersing with them in publike places. Now, tell me whether of the two, the heauie headed gluttonous house dove, or this liuely, wanton, yong gallant, is like to proue the wiser man, and better member in the common wealth? If my youth might not be thought partiall, the fine qualified gentleman, although vnstaid, should carie it clean away from the lazie clownish droane.

Which is bet-
ter of the idle
glutton, or
vagrant un-
thrift.

The effects of
sloth.

Sloth in nobilitie, courtiers, schollers, or anie men, is the chieftest cause that brings them in contempt. For, as industrie and vnfatigable toyle raiseth meane persons from obscure houses to high throanes of authoritie, so sloth, and sluggish securitie, causeth proud lordes to tumble from the towers of their starrie discents, and bee trod vnder foote of euerie inferior Besonian. Is it the lofty treading of a galliard, or fine grace in telling of a loue tale amongst ladies, can make a man reuerenst of the multitude? No; they care not for the false glistring of gay garments, or insinuating curtesie of a carpet peere; but they delight to see him shine in armour, and oppose himselfe to honourable daunger, to participate a voluntarie penny with his souldiours, and relieue part of theyr want out of his own purse. That is the course he that will be popular must take; which, if hee neglect, and sit dallying at home, nor will be awakt by anie indignities out of his loue-dreame, but suffer euerie vpstart-groome to defie him, set him at naught, and shake him by the beard vnreuenged, let him straight take orders, and bee a church-man, and then his patience may passe for a vertue; but otherwise to be suspected of cowardise, and not car'd for of anie. The onely enemie to sloth is contention and emulation; as to propose one man to my selfe, that is the onely myrrour of our age, and strive to out goe him in vertue. But this strife must be so tempered, that we fal not from the eagernes of praise, to the enuying of their persons; for, then, we leaue running to the goale of glorie, to spurne at a stone that lyes in our way; and so bid Atlante, in the midst of her course, stoup to take vp the golden apple her enemie scattered in her way, and was out-runne by Hippomenes. The contrarie to this contention, and emulation, is securitie, peace, quiet, tranquillitie; when we haue no aduersarie to pry into our actions, no malicious eye, whose pursuing

The means to
avoid slouth.

our priuate behaiour might make vs more vigilant ouer our imperfections than otherwise we would be.

That state or kingdome that is in league with all the world, and hath no forreigne sword to vexe it, is not halfe so strong or confirmed to endure, as that which liues euerie houre in feare of inuasion. There is a certaine wast of the people for whom there is no vse but warre; and these men must haue some employment still to cut them off. *Nam si foras hostem non habent, domi inuenient.* If they haue no seruice abroad, they will make mutinies at home. Or if the affaires of the state be such, as cannot exhale all these corrupt excrements, it is verie expedient they haue some lyght toyes to busie their heads withall, to cast before them as bones to gnaw vpon, which may keepe them from hauing leasure to intermeddle with higher matters.

To this effect the policie of playes is verie necessarie, however some shallow-brayned censurers (not the deepest serchers into the secrets of gouernment) mightily oppugne them. For whereas the after noone being the idlest time of the day, wherein men, that are their owne masters, (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and the number of captaines and souldiers about *London*) doo wholly bestow themselues vpon pleasure, and that pleasure they deuide (how vertuously it skills not) either into gameing, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not then better (since of foure extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is playes? Nay, what if I proue playes to be no extreame, but a rare exercise of vertue? First, for the subject of them (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English chronicles, wherein our forefathers valiant actes (that haue lyne long buried in rustie brass and worme-eaten bookes) are reuiued, and they themselves raysed

The defence
of playes.

from the graue of obliuion, and brought to pleade their aged honours in open presence; than which, what can bee a sharper reproofe to these degenerate effeminate dayes of ours?

How would it haue joy'd braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at seuerall times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?

I will defend it against anie collian, or club-fisted usurer of them all, there is no immortalitie can be giuen a man on earth like vnto playes. What talke I to them of immoralitie, that are the onely vnderminers of honour, & doo enuie anie man that is not sprung vp by base brokerye like themselues? They care not if all the aun-cient houses were rooted out, so that, like the burgo-masters of the Low Countries, they might share the gouernment amongst them as States, & be quarter-masters of our monarchy. Al arts to them are vanitie: and, if you tell them what a glorious thing it is to haue Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin sweare fealtie. I, but (will they say) what doo we get by it? respecting neither the right of fame that is due to true nobilitie deceased, nor what hopes of eternitie are to be proposed to aduentrous minds, to encourage them forward, but onely their execrable lucre, and filthie vnquenchable auarice.

They know when they are dead they shall not bee brought vpon thee stage for any goodnes, but in a mer-riment of the usurer and the diuell, or buying armes of the herald, who giues them the lyon, without tongue taylor or tallents, because his master whom he must serue is a

townsman, and a man of peace, and must not keepe anie quarrelling beasts to annoy his honest neighbours.

In playes, all coosonages, all cunning drifts ouerguylded with outward holinesse, all stratagems of warre, all the canker-wormes that breede on the rust of peace, are most liuely anotomiz'd: they shew the ill successe of treason, the fall of hastie climbers, the wretched ende of vsurpers, the miserie of ciuill dissention, & howe iust God is euermore in punishing of murther. And to proue euerie one of these allegations, could I propound the circumstances of this play and that play, if I meant to handle this theame other wise than *obiter*. What should I say more? they are sower pills of reprehension, wrapt vp in sweete words. Whereas some petitioners to the Counsaile against them obiet, they corrupt the youth of the cittie, and with-drawe prentises from their worke, they heartily wish they might bee troubled with none of their youth nor their prentises; for some of them (I meane the ruder handicraftes seruants) neuer come abroad, but they are in danger of vndooing: and, as for corrupting them when they come, thats false; for no playe they haue encourageth anie man to tumults or rebellion, but layes before such the halter and the gallows, or prayseth or approoueth pride, lust, whoredome, prodigalitie, or drunkennes, but beates them downe vtterly. As for the hindrance of trades and traders of the citie by them, that is an article foysted in by the vintners, ale-wiues, and victuallers, who surmise, if there were no playes, they should haue all the companie that resort to them, lye bowzing and beere-bathing in their houses euerie after-noone. Nor so, nor so, good brother bottle-ale; for there are other places beside, where money can bestow it selfe: the signe of the smocke will wype your mouth clean, and yet I haue heard ye haue made her a tenaunt to your tap-houses. But what shall he doo that

The use of
playes.

The confuta-
tion of citti-
zens obiection
against
playes.

hath spent himselfe? where shall he haunt? Faith, when dice, lust, and drunkennes, and all haue dealt vppon him, if there be neuer a playe for him to goe to for his peny, he sits melancholy in his chamber, deuising vpon felonie or treason, and how hee may best exalt himselfe by mis-chiefe.

A players
wittyanswere
to Augustus.

A comparison
twixt our
players and
the players
beyond the
sea.

In Augustus time (who was the patrone of all wittye sports) there hapned a great fray in Rome about a player, insomuch as all the citie was in an vproare: whereupon the emperour (after the broyle was somewhat ouer-blown) cald the player before him, and askt what was the reason that a man of his qualitie durst presume to make such a brawle about nothing. He smilingly replide, "It is good for thee, O Cæsar! that the peoples heads are troubled with brawles and quarrels about vs and our light matters; for otherwise they would looke into thee and thy matters." Read Lipsius or anie prophane or christian politician, and you shall finde him of this opinion. Our playes are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting baudie comedians, that haue whores and common curtizans to play womens parts, and forbear no immodest speach or vnchast action that may procure laughter; but our sceane is more stately furnisht than euen it was in the time of Roscius, our representations honorable, and full of gallaunt resolution, not consisting, like theirs, of a pantaloun, a whore, and a zanie, but of emperours, kings, and princes, whose true tragedies (*Sophocleo cothurno*) they doo vaunt.

The due com-
mendation of
Ned Allen.

Not Roscius nor Esope, those tragedians admyred before Christ was borne, could euer performe more in action than famous Ned Allen. I must accuse our poets of sloth and partialitie, that they will not boast in large impressions what worthie men (aboue all nations) *England* affords. Other countreyes cannot haue a fidler breake a string but they will put it in print, and the olde Ro-

manes in the writings they published, thought scorne to vse anie but domestical examples of their owne home-bred actors, schollers, and champions, and them they would extoll to the third and fourth generation: coblers, tinkers, fencers, none escapt them, but they mingled them all on one gallimafray of glory.

Heere I haue vsed a like methode, not of tying my selfe to mine owne countrey, but by insisting in the experience of our time; and, if I euer write any thing in Latine, (as I hope one day I shall) not a man of any desert heere amongst vs, but I will haue vp. Tarlton, Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley, shall be made knowne to *Fraunce, Spayne, and Italie*; and not a part that they surmounted in more than other, but I will there note and set downe, with the manner of their habites and at-tyre.

The child of sloth is lechery, which I haue plac't last in my order of handling: a sinne that is able to make a man wicked that should describe it; for it hath more starting-holes than a siue hath holes, more clyents than *Westminster Hall*, more diseases than *Newgate*. Call a leete at *Byshopsgate*, and examine how euery second house in *Shorditch* is mayntayned: make a priuie search in *Southwarke*, and tell mee how many shee-inmates you finde. Nay, goe where you will in the suburbes, and bring me two virgines that haue vowd chastity, and Ile build a nunnery.

The seauenth
and last com-
playnt, of
lechery.

Westminster, Westminster! much maydenhead hast thou to answeere for at the day of judgement. Thou hadst a sanctuary in thee once, but hast few saints left in thee now. Surgeons and apothecaries, you know what I speake is true; for you liue (like sumners) vppon the sinnes of the people, tell me is there any place so lewde as this lady London? Not a wench sooner creepes out of the shell, but she is of the religion. Some wiues will

sow mandrake in theyr gardens, and crosse neighbour-hood with them is counted good-fellowship.

The court I dare not touch, but surely there (as in the heauens) bee many falling starres, and but one true Diana. *Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati*. Custome is a lawe, and lust holdes it for a lawe, to liue without lawe. Lais, that had so many poets to her louers, could not allwaies preserue her beautie with their prayses. Marble will weare away with much rayne, gold wil rust with moyst keeping, and the ritchest garments are subiect to time's moath-frets: Clitemnestra, that slewe her husband to enioy the adulterer Ægistus, and bathde herselfe in milke euery day to make her younge againe, had a time when shee was ashamed to viewe herselfe in a looking-glasse, and her boddie withered, her minde being greene. The people poynted at her for a murtherer, yonge children howted at her as a strumpet. Shame, misery, sicknesse, beggery, is the best end of vncleannesse.

Lais, Cleopatra, Helen, if our clyme had any such, noble Lord Warden of the wenches & anglers, I commend them with the rest of our vncleane sisters in *Shorditch*, the *Spittle*, *Southwarke*, *Westminster*, and *Turnbull Streete*, to the protection of your portership; hoping you will speedily carrie them to hell, there to keepe open house for all yonge deuills that come, and not let our ayre bee contaminated with theyr six penny damnation any longer.

Your diuelships

bounden execrator,

PIERCE PENNILESSÉ.

A Supplication caldst thou this? (quoth the knight of the post) it is the maddest Supplication that euer I saw; me thinkes thou hast handled all the seauen deadly sinnes in it, and spared none that exceedes his limits in any of them. It is well doone to practise thy wit, but (I beleue) our lord will cun thee little thanke for it.

The worse for mee (quoth I), if my destenie be such, to lose my labour euerywhere; but I meane to take my chance, be it good or bad. Well, hast thou any more that thou wouldest haue me to doe? (quoth hee) Onely one sute, (quoth I) which is this; that, sith opportunitie so conueniently serues, you would acquaint me with the state of your infernall regiment, and what that hell is, where your lord holdes his throne; whether a world like this, which spirites like outlawes doe enhabit, who, being banisht from heauen, as they are from their countrey, envy that any shall be more happie then they, and therefore seeke all meanes possible, that wit or arte may inuent, to make other men as wretched as themselues? or whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darknesse, where men see meat, but can get none, or are euer thirstie, and ready to swelt for drinke, yet haue not the power to tast the coole streames that runne hard at theyr feete? where (*permutata vicissitudine*) one ghost torments an other by turnes, and hee that all his life time was a great fornicator, hath all the diseases of lust continually hanging vpon him, and is constrainned (the more to augment his misery) to haue congresse euery howre with haggas and olde witches; and he that was a great drunkard heere on earth, hath his penance assignde him, to carouse himselfe drunke with dishwash and vineger, and surfet foure times a day with sower ale and small beere? as so of the rest, as the vsurer to swallow moulten gold, the glutton to eate nothing but toades, and the murtherer to be still stabbd with dag-

gers, but neuer dye? or whether (as some phantasticall refyners of phylosophy will needes perswade vs) hell is nothing but error, and that none but fooles and idiots and mechanicall men, that haue no learning, shall be damnd? Of these doubts if you will resolue me, I shall thinke my self to haue profited greatly by your companie.

Hee, hearing me so inquisitiue in matters aboue humane capacitie, entertained my greedie humor with this answere. Poets and philosophers, that take a pride in inuenting new opinions, haue sought to renoume their wits by hunting after strange conceits of heauen and hell; all generally agreeing that such places there are, but how inhabited, by whom gouerned, or what betides them that are transported to the one or the other, not two of them iumpe in one tale. We, that to our terror and grieve doo knowe their dotage by our sufferings, reioyce to thinke how these sillie flyes play with the fire that must burne them.

But leauing them to the laborynth of their fond curiositie, shall I tell thee in a word what hell is? It is a place where the soules of vntemperate men, and ill liuers of al sorts, are detayned and imprisoned till the generall resurrection, kept and possessed chiefly by spirites, who lye like souldiours in garison, ready to be sent about any seruice into the world, when soeuer Lucifer, their lieftenaunt generall, pleaseth. For the scituation of it, in respect of heauen, I can no better compare it than to Callis and Douer; for, as a man standing vpon Callis sands may see men walking on Douer clyffes, so easily may you discerne heauen from the farthest part of hell, and behold the melodie and motions of the angels and spirites there resident in such perfect manner, as if you were amongst them; which, how it worketh in the mindes and soules of them that haue no power to appre-

hend such felicitie, it is not for me to intimate, because it is preiudiciall to our monarchie.

I would bee sorrie (quoth I) to importune you in anie matter of secrecie ; yet this I desire, if it might bee done without offence, that you would satisfie me in full sort, and according to truth, what the diuell is whom you serue, as also how he began, and how farre his power and authoritie extends ?

Persie, beleue me, thou shryvest me verie neere in this latter demaund, which concerneth vs more deeply than the former, and may worke vs more damage than thou art aware of ; yet, in hope thou wilt conceale what I tell thee, I wil lay open our whole estate plainly and simply vnto thee as it is. But first I will begin with the opinions of former times, & so hasten forward to that *manifeste verum* that thou seekest. Some men ther be that, building to much vpon reason, perswade themselves that there are no diuells at all, but that this word *dæmon* is such another morall of mischief, as the poet's Dame Fortune is of mishap ; for as vnder the fiction of this blinde goddess we ayme at the folly of princes and great men in disposing of honors, that oftentimes preferre fooles and disgrace wise men, and alter their fauors in turning of an eye, as Fortune turns her wheele, so vnder the person of this olde Gnathonicall companion, called the Diuell, we shrowd all subiltie, masking vnder the name of simplicitie all painted holines devouring widowes houses, all gray-headed foxes clad in sheepes garments ; so that the Diuell (as they make it) is onely a pestilent humour in a man, of pleasure, profit, or policie, that violently carries him away to vanitie, villanie, or monstrous hypocrisie. Under vanitie I comprehend not onely all vaine arts and studies whatsoeuer, but also dishonorable prodigality, vntemperate venerie, and that hateful sinne of selfe-loue, which

is so common among vs : vnder villany I comprehend murder, treason, theft, counsage, cut-throat couetise, and such like : lastly, vnder hypocrisie, al Machiavilisme, puritanisme, & outward gloasing with a mans enemie, and protesting friendship to him I hate and meane to harme, all vnder-hand cloaking of bad actions with common-wealth pretences ; and, finally, all Italionate conveyances, as to kill a man and then mourne for him, *quasi vero* it was not by my consent, to be a slaue to him that hath iniur'd me, and kisse his feete for opportunities of reuenge, to be seuerie in punishing offenders, that none might haue the benefite of such meanes but myselfe, to vse men for my purpose & then cast them off, to seeke his destruction that knowes my secrets ; and such as I haue imployed in any murther or strata-gem, to set them priuily together by the eares to stab each other mutually, for fear of bewraying me ; or, if that faile, to hire them to humor one another in such courses as may bring them both to the gallowes. These, and a thousand more such sleights, hath hypocrisie learned by traauailing strange countries. I will not say she puts them in practise here in England, although there be as many false brethren and crafty knaues here amongst vs as in any place ; witnes the poore miller of Cambridge, that, hauing no roome for his hen-loft but the testor of his bed, and it was not possible for anie hungrie poultrers to come there but they must stand vpon the one side of it, and so not steale them but with great hazard, had in one night notwithstanding (when hee and his wife were a snorting) all the whole progenie of their pulterie taken away, and neyther of them heard anie sturring : it is an odde tricke, but what of that, we must not stand vpon it, for wee haue grauer matters in hand than the stealing of hennes. Hypocrisie, I remember, was our text, which was one of the chiefe mor-

rall Diuels, our late doctours affirme to be most busie in these dayes ; and busie it is, in truth, more than anye bee that I knowe : now you talke of a bee, Ile tell you a tale of a battle-dore.

The beare on a time, beeing chiefe burgomaster of all the beastes vnder the lyon, gan thinke with himselfe how hee might surfet in pleasure, or best husband his authoritie to enlardge his delight and contentment. With that hee beganne to pry and to smell through euerie corner of the forrest for praye, to haue a thousand imaginations with himselfe what daynetie morsell he was master of, and yet had not tasted. Whole herds of sheepe had he deuoured, and was not satisfied; fat oxen, heifers, swine, calues, and yong kiddes were his ordinarie vyands : he longed for horse-flesh, and went presently to a medowe, where a fat cammell was grazing, whom, fearing to encounter with force because he was a huge beast and well shod, he thought to betray vnder the colour of demaunding homage, hoping that, as he should stoop to doo him truage, he might seaze vpon his throate, and stifle him before he should be able to recouer himselfe from his false embrace. But therein hee was deceiued, for, comming vnto this stately beast with this imperious message, in stead of dooing homage vnto him, he lifted vp one of his hindmost heeles, and stroake him such a blowe on the forehead that he ouer-threwe him. Thereat not a little mou'd, and enrag'd that he should be so dishonored by his inferiour, as he thought, he consulted with the ape how he might be reuenged. The ape, abhorring him by nature because he ouer-lookt him so lordly, and was by so manie degrees greater than he was, aduised him to dig a pit with his pawes right in the way where this big boand gentleman should passe, that so stumbling and falling in, he might lightly skip on his backe, and bridle him, and then hee come and seaze on him at his pleasure. No

sooner was this perswaded than performed ; for enuy, that is neuer idle, could not sleep in his wrath, or ouer-slip the least opportunitie, till he had seene the confusion of his enimie. Alas, goodly creature, that thou mightst no longer liue ! What auaieth thy gentlenes, thy prowesse, or the plentiful pasture wherein thou wert fed, since malice triumphs ouer al thou commandest ? Well may the mule rise vp in armes, and the asse bray at the authors of thy death, yet shall their furie be fatall to themselves, before it take holde on these traitours. What needeth more words ? the deuourer feedes on his captiue, and is gorged with bloud. But, as auarice and crueltie are euermore thirstie, so far'd it with this hungrie usurper ; for, hauing flesht his ambition with this treacherous conquest, he past along through a groue, where a heard of deare were a ranging ; whom, when he had stedfastly surveyed from the fattest to the leanest, hee singled out one of the fairest of the company, with whom he meant to close up his stomacke instead of cheese : but because the wood-men were euer stirring thereabout, and it was not possible for one of his coate to commit such outrage vndescried, and that, if he were espied, his life were in perill, though not with the lion, whose eyes he coulde blinde as he list, yet with the lesser sort of the brutish comminalltie, whom no flattery might pacifie. Therefore, he determined slylie and priuily to poyson the streame where this jolly forrester wonted to drink ; and as he determined so he did : whereby it fell out that, when the sunne was ascended to his height, and all the nimble citizens of the wood betooke them to their laire, this youthfull lord of the lawnds, all faint and malcontent, (as prophesying his neere approaching mishap by his languishing) with a lazie, wallowing pace, strayed aside from the rest of his fellowship, and betooke him all carelessly to the corrupted fountaine that was

prepared for his funerall. Ah, woe is mee ! this poyson is pitiles. What need I say more, since you know it is death with whom it encounters ? And yet cannot all this expence of life set a period to insatiable murther ; but still it hath some anvyle to worke vpon, and ouercasts all opposite prosperitie that may anie way shadow his glorie. Too long it were to reherse all the practises of this sauadge blood hunter ; how he assailed the unicorne as he slept in his den, and tore the heart out of his breast ere he could awake ; how he made the lesser beasts lie in wayt one for the other, and the crocodyle to coape with the basiliske, that when they had enterchaungeably weakned each other, hee might come and insult ouer them both as he list. But these were lesser matters, which daily vse had worne out of men's mouths, and he himself had so customably practised, that often exercise had quite abrogated the opinion of sinne, and impudence throughly confirmd an vndaunted defiance of vertue in his face. Yet new-fangled lust, that in time is wearie of welfare, and will be as soone cloyed with too much ease and delicacie, as pouertie with labour and scarcitie, at length brought him out of loue with this greedie, bestiall humour ; and now he affected a milder varietie in his diet : he had bethought him what a pleasant thing it was to eate nothing but honnie another while, and what great store of it there was in that countrey.

Now did he cast in his head, that if hee might bring the husbandmen of the soyle in opinion that they might buy honey cheaper than being at such charges in keeping of bees, or that those bees which they kept were most of them drones, & what should such idle drones doo with such stately hyues, or lye sucking at such precious honni-combs ; that if they were took away from them and distributed equally abroad, they would releuee a great manie of painfull labourers that had need of them, and

would continually liue seruiceable at their commaund, if they might enioy such a benefite: nay more, let them giue waspes but onely the wax, and dispose of the honnie as they thinke good, and they shal humme and buzze a thousand times lowder than they, and haue the hiue fuller at the yeres end (with yong ones, I meane) than the bees are wont in ten yere.

To broach this device the foxe was addrest like a shepheards dogge, and promist to haue his pattent seald, to bee the king's poulterer for euer, if hee could bring it to passe. Faith, quoth he, and Ile put it in a venter, let it hap how it will. With that he grew in league with an old camelion, that could put on all shapes, and imitate anie colour, as occasion serued; and him he addrest, sometime like an ape to make sport, & then like a crocodile to weepe, sometime lyke a serpent to sting, and by and by like a spaniel to fawne; that with these sundrie formes, (applyde to mens variable humors) he might perswade the world he ment as he spake, and only intended their good when he thought nothing lesse. In this disguise these two deceiuers went vp and downe, and did much harme vnder the habite of simplicitie, making the poore silly swaines beleeeue they were cunning phisitions, and well seene in all cures, that they could heale anye malady, though neuer so daungerous, and restore a man to life that had been dead two dayes, only by breathing vpon him. Aboue all things they perswaded them, that the honny that their bees brought forth was poysonous and corrupt, by reason that those floures and hearbs, out of which it was gathered and exhaled, were subiect to the infection of euery spider and venomous canker, and not a loathsome toade (how detestable soeuer) but reposde himselfe vnder theyr shadow, and lay sucking at their rootes continually: wheras in other countries, no noisome or poisnous creature might liue, by reason of the

imputed goodnes of the soyle, or carefull diligence of the gardners aboue ours; as, for example, Scotland, Denmarke, and some more pure parts of the 17 prouinces. These perswasions made the good honest husbandmen to pause, and mistrust their owne wits verie much in nourishing such dangerous animals; but yet, I know not how, antiquitie and custome so ouer rulde their feare, that none would resolute to abandon them on the sodaine, til they saw a further inconuenience; whereby my two cunning philosophers were driuen to studie Galen anew, and seeke splenatiue simples to purge their popular patients of the opinion of their olde traditions and customes; which, how they wrought with the most part that had least wit, it were a world to tell. For now nothing was canonicall but what they spake, no man would conuerse with his wife but first askt their aduise, nor pare his nayles, nor cut his beard without their prescription; so senseles, so wauering is the light vnconstaunt multitude, that will daunce after euerye mans pype, and sooner prefer a blinde harper that can squeake out a new horne-pipe, than Alcinous or Appolloes varietie, that imitates the eight straines of the Doryan melodie. I speak this to amplify the nouel folly of the headlong vulgar, that making their eyes and eares vassalles to the legerdemaine of these iugling mountebanks, are presently drawne to contemne art and experience, in comparison of the ignorance of a number of audacious ideots. The fox can tell a faire tale, and couers all his knauerie vnder conscience, and the camelion can ad-dresse himself like an angell whensoever he is disposed to worke mischief by myracles; but yet, in the end, their secret driftes are laide open, and linceus eyes, that see through stone walls, haue made a passage into the close couerture of their hypocrisie.

Interdum
vulgus rec-
tum videt, et
ubi peccat.

For one daye, as these two deuisers were plotting by

themselves how to driue all the bees from their honni-combes, by putting worm-wood in their hyues, and strewing henbane and rue in euerie place where they resort, a flye that past by, and heard all their talke, stomacking the foxe of olde, for that he had murdered so manie of his kindred with his flayle-driuing taile, went presently and buzd in linceus eares the whole purport of their malice; who awaking his hundred eyes at these vnexpected tidings gan pursue them whersoener they went, and trace their intents as they proceeded into action, so that ere halfe their baytes were cast foorth, they were apprehended and imprisoned, and all their whole counsaile detected. But long ere this, the beare, impatient of delayes, and consum'd with an inward greefe in himselfe, that hee might not haue his will of a fat hinde that out-ran him, he went into the woods all melancholy, and there dyed for pure anger, leauing the foxe and the camelion to the destinie of their desert, and mercie of their judges. How they scape I know not, but some saye they were hanged, and so wee leaue them.

How lik'st thou of my tale, friend Persie? Haue I not described a right earthly diuell vnto thee in the discourse of this bloodie-minded beare? or canst thou not attract the true image of hypocrisie vnder the description of the foxe and the camelion.

Yes, verie wel (quoth I); but I would gladly haue you returne to your first subiect, since you haue mooued doubts in my minde, which you haue not yet discust.

Of the sundrie opinions of the diuell thou meanest, and them that imagine him to haue no existence, of which sort are they that first inuented the prouerbe, *homo homini dæmon*; meaning thereby that that power which we call the deuill, and the ministring spirites belonging to his kingdom, are tales and fables, and meere bugge-beares to scare boyes, and that there is no such

essence at all, but onely it is a terme of large content, describing the rancour, grudge, & bad dealing of one man towards another; as, namely, when one friend talkes with another subtilly, and seekes to dyue into his commoditie, that hee may depriue him of it craftily; when the sonne seeks the death of the father, that he may be infeoffed in his wealth; and the step-dame goes about to make away her sonne-in-law, that her children may inherit; when brothers fall at jarres for portions, & shall, by open murther or priuy conspiracie, attempt the confusion of each other, only to ioyn house to house, and vnite two liuelihoods in one; when the seruant shal rob his master, and men put in trust start away from their oathes and vowes, they care not how.

In such cases and many more, may one man be said to bee a deuill to an other, and this is the second opinion. The third is that of Plato, who not only affirmeth that there are diuells, but deuilled them into three sorts, euery one a degree of dignity aboue the other: the first are those, whose bodies are copact of the purest ayerie element, combined with such transparent threds, that neither they doo partake so much fier as should make them visible to sight, or haue any such affinitie with the earth, as they are able to be prest or toucht; and these he setteth in the highest incomprehensible degree of heauen. The second he maketh these, whom Apuleius dooth call reasonable creatures, passiue in mind and eternall in time, being those apostata spirites that rebelled with Belzebub; whose bodies, before their fall, were bright and pure all like to the former, but, after their transgression, they were obscured with a thicke, fiery matter, and euer after assigned to darknes. The third he attributes to those men that, by some diuine knowledge or vnderstanding seeming to aspyre aboue mortallitie, are called *dæmona*, (that is) gods, for this word *dæmon* con-

tayneth eyther, and Homer in euery place dooth vse it both for that omnipotent power that was before all things, and the euill spirite that leadeth men to error: so dooth Syrianus testifie that Plato was called *dæmon*, because he disputed of deepe common-wealth matters, greatly auaylable to the benefit of his countrey; and Aristotle, because he wrot at large of all things subiect to mouing and sence. Then belike (quoth I) you make this word *dæmon* a capable name of gods, of men, and of deuills; which is farre distant from the scoape of my demand, for I doo only inquire of the diuell, as this common appellation of the diuel signifieth a malignant spirit, enemie to mankinde, and a hater of God and all goodnes. Those are the second kinde, said he, usually termed detractors, or accusers, that are in knowledge infinite, insomuch as; by the quickness of their wits & agreeable mixtures of the elements, they so comprehend those seminarie vertues to men vnknown, that those things which, in course of time or by growing degrees, Nature of itselfe can effect, they, by their art and skil in hastning the works of Nature, can contriue and compasse in a moment: as the magitians of Pharao, who, whereas Nature, not without some interposition of time and ordinarie causes of conception, brings forth frogs, serpents, or any liuing thing els, they, without all such distance of space, or circumscription of season, euen in a thought, as soone as their king commanded, couered the land of Egypt with this monstrous encrease. Of the original of vs spirites the Scripture most amply maketh mention; namely, that Lucifer, (before his fall) an arch-angel, was a cleere bodie, compact of the purest and brightest of the ayre, but after his fall hee was vayled with a groser substance, and tooke a new forme of darke and thicke ayre, which he still reteineth. Neither did he onely fall when hee stroue with Michael, but drewe a number of angels

to his faction, who, ioynt partakers of his proud reuolt, were likewise partakers of his punishment, and all thrust out of heauen together by one iudgement; who euer since doo nothing but wander about the earth, and tempt and enforce frayle men to enterprise all wickednes that may bee, and commit most horrible and abhominable things against God. Mervaille not that I discouer so much of our estate vnto thee, for the Scripture hath more than I mention; as S. Peter, where he saith that *God spared not his angels that sinned*; and in an other place, wher he saith that *they are bound with the chains of darknes, and throwen headlong into hell*; which is not meant of any locall place in the earth, or vnder the waters, for, as Austin affirmeth, we doe inhabite the region vnder the moone, and haue the thick aire assigned vs as a prison, from whence we may with small labour cast our nets where wee list: yet are we not so at our disposition, but that we are still commanded by Lucifer, (although we are in number infinit) who, retaining that pride wherewith he arrogantly affected the maiestie of God, hath still his ministring angels about him, whom he employes in seuerall charges, to seduce & deceiue as him seemeth best: as those spirits which the Latins call *Jovios* and *Antemeridianos*, to speake out of oracles, and make the people worship them as gods, when they are nothing but deluding diuels, that couet to haue a false deitie ascribed vnto them, & draw men vnto their loue by wonders and prodgies, that els wold hate them deadly, if they knew their maleuolence and enuie. Such a monarchizing spirit it was that said vnto Christ, *If thou wilt fall downe, and worship me, I will giue thee all the kingdomes of the earth*; and such a spirit it was that possest the *Libian Sapho*, and the Emprour Dioclesian, who thought it the blessedst thing that might be to be called God. For the one being wearie of humane honor, & inspired with a

supernaturall folly, taught little birds, that were capable of speach, to pronounce distinctly, *Magnus Deus Sapho* ; that is to say, A great god is Sapho : which words, when they had learned readely to carroll, and were perfect in their note, he let them flie at randome, that so dispersing themselues euery where, they might induce the people to account of him as a god. The other was so arrogant, that he made his subiects fal prostrate on their faces, and, lifting vp their hands to him as to heauen, adore him as omnipotent.

The second kind of diuels, which he most imployeth, are those notherne *Marcii*, called the spirits of reuenge, & the authors of massacres, & seedsmen of mischief; for they haue commisson to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murther, wrath, furie, and all manner of cruelties, & they commaund certaine of the southern spirits (as slaves) to wait vpon them, as also great Ariocho, that is tearmed the spirite of reuenge.

These know how to dissociate the loue of brethren, and to break wedlock bands with such violence, that they may not be vnited, and are predominant in many other domestical mutinies ; of whom, if you list to heare more, read the 39 of Ecclesiasticus. The prophet Esay maketh mention of another spirit, sent by God to the *Egiptians*, to make them stray and wander out of the way, that is to say, the spirite of lying, which they call Bolychym. The spirits that entice men to gluttony & lust, are certaine watry spirits of the west, and certaine southern spirits as Nefrach and Kelen, which for the most part prosecute vnlawfull loues, and cherish all vnnatural desires : they wander through lakes, fish-ponds, and fennes, and ouerwhelm ships, cast boates vpon ankers, and drowne men that are swimming : therefore are they counted the most pestilent, troublesome, and guilefull spirits that are ; for by the helpe

of Alynach, a spirit of the west, they will raise stormes, cause earthquakes, whirlwindes, rayne, haile or snow in the cleerest day that is; and if euer they appeare to anie man, they come in womens apparell. The spirits of the aire will mixe themselues with thunder and lightening, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shal ensue to the inhabitants from the infectious vapors which arise from their motions. Of such S. John maketh mention in the ninth of the Apocalips; their patrone is Mereris, who beareth chief rule about the middle time of the day.

The spirits of the fire haue their mansions vnder the regions of the moone, that whatsoever is committed to their charge they may there execute, as in their proper consistorie, from whence they cannot start. The spirits of the earth keepe, for the most part, in forrests and woods, and doo hunters much noyance; and sometime in the broad fields, where they lead trauelers out of the right way, or fright men with deformed apparitions, or make them run mad through excessiue melancholy, like Ajax Telamonious, & so proue hurtful to themselves, & dangerous to others: of this number the chiefe are Samaab and Achymael, spirits of the east, that haue no power to doo any great harm, by reason of the vnconstancie of their affections. The vnder-earth spirits are such as lurk in dens & little cauernes of the earth, and hollow crevices of mountaines, that they may dyue into the bowels of the earth at their pleasures: these dig metals and watch treasures, which they continually transport from place to place, that non should haue vse of them: they raise windes that vomit flames, & shake the foundation of buildins; they daunce in rounds in pleasant lawnds, and greene medowes, with noises of musick and minstralsy, and vanish away when any comes nere them: they will take vpon them any

similitude but that of a woman, and terrefie men in the likeness of dead mens ghosts in the night time ; and of this qualitie and condition the nigromancers hold Gaziel, Fegor, and Anarazel, southerne spirits, to be. Besides, there are yet remaining certaine lying spirits, who (although all be giuen to lye by nature) yet are they more prone to that vice than the rest, being named Pythonists, of whom Apollo comes to be called Pythæus : they haue a prince aswel as other spirits, of whom mention is made in the 3 book of Kings, when hee saith he will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all Ahabs prophets ; from which those spirites of iniquitie doo little differ, which are called the vessels of wrath, that assist Belial (whom they interpret a spirite without yoake or controuler) in all damnable devises and inuentions. Plato reports them to be such as first devised cardes and dice, and I am in the mind that the monke was of the same order that found out the vse of gunpouder, and the engines of warre therto belonging. Those that writ of these matters call this Beliall Chodar of the east, that hath all witches and coniurers spirits vnder his iurisdiction, & giues them leaue to helpe juglers in their tricks, and Simon Magus to doo miracles ; allwaies provided they bring a soule home to their master for his hyre.

Yet are not these all, for there are spirits called spies and tale-carriers, obedient to Ascaroth, whom the Greekes call Daimona, and S. John, *the accuser of the brethren* : also tempters, who for their interrupting vs in al our good actions are cald our euill angels. Aboue all things they hate the light, and reioyce in darkness, disquieting men maliciously in the night, & sometimes hurt them by pinching them, or blasting them as they sleepe ; but they are not so much to be dreaded as other spirites, because if a man speak to them they flee away, and will not abide. Such a spirit Plinius Secundus

telleth of, that used to haunt a goodly house in *Athens* that Athenodorus hired : and such another Suetonius describeth to haue long houered in Lamianus garden, where Caligula lay buried ; who for because hee was onely couered with a fewe clods, and vnreuently throwne amongst the weedes, hee meruailously disturbed the owners of the garden, & would not let them rest in their beds, till by his sisters, returned from banishment, he was taken vp, & entoombed solemnly. Pausanias avoucheth (amongst other experiments) that a certaine spirit called Zazilus doth feed vpon dead mens corses, that are not deeply enterred as they ought : which to confirme, there is a wonderfull accident set downe in the Danish historie of Asuitus and Asmundus, who, being too famous frends (well knowen in those parts) vowd one to another, that which of them two outliued the other shuld be buried alieue with his frend that first died. In short space Asuitus fell sicke and yeelded to nature : Asmundus, compelled by the oathe of his friendship, took none but his horse and his dog with him, and transported the dead bodie into a vast caue vnder the earth, and ther determined, hauing victualed himselfe for a long time, to finish his dayes in darknes, and neuer depart from him that he loued so dearlie.

Thus shut vp, and enclosed in the bowels of the earth, it hapned Eritus, King of Sweveland, to passe that way with his armie, not full two moneths after ; who coming to the toombe of Asuitus, and suspecting it a place where treasure was hidden, caused his pioneers with their spades and mattockes to dig it vp : whereupon was discovered the loathsome body of Asmundus, al to besmeared with dead mens filth, and his visage most vgly and ffearfull, which imbrued with congealed bloud, and eaten and torne like a raw vlcet, made him so gastly to behold, that all the lookers on were affrighted.

Hee, seeing himselfe restored to light, and so many amazed men stand about him, resolved their vncertaine perplexitie in these tearmes. "Why stand ye astonisht at my vnusual deformities, when no liuing man conuerseth with the dead but is thus disfigured? But other causes haue effected this alteration in me; for I know not what audacious spirit, sent by Gorgon from the deep, hath not only most rauenuously deuoured my horse and my dog, but also hath laid his hungrie pawes vpon mee, and, tearing downe my cheekes as you see, hath likewise rent away one of mine eares. Hence it is that my mangled shape seemes so monstrous, and my humane image obscured with gore in this wise. Yet scaped not this fell harpie from mee vnreuengd: for, as he assail'd me, I raught his head from his shoulders, and sheathed my sword in his body." Haue spirits their visible bodies, said I, that may be toucht, wounded, or pierst? Beleeue me, I neuer heard that in my life before this. Why, quoth he, although in their proper essence they are creatures incorporeal, yet can they take vpon them the induments of any liuing body whatsoeuer, and transforme themselues into all kinde of shapes, whereby they may more easily deceiue our shallow wits and senses. So testifies Basilius, that they can put on a materiall forme when they list. Socrates affirmeth that his dæmon did oftentimes talke with him, & that he saw & felt him many times. But Marcus Cherone-sius (a wonderfull discouerer of diuels) writeth, that those bodies which they assume are distinguisht by no difference of sex, because they are simple, and the discernaunce of sex belongs to bodies compound. Yet are they flexible, motiue, and apt for any configuration, but not al of them alike; for the spirits of the fire and aire haue this power aboue the rest. The spirits of the water haue slow bodies resembling birds and women, of

Spirits
have
bodies
to use

which kinde the Naiades and Nereides are much celebrated amongst poets. Neuertheles, howeuer they are restrayned to their seuerall similitudes, it is certaine that all of them desire no forme or figure so much as the likenesse of a man, & doe thinke themselves in heauen when they are in feoft in that hue. Wherefore I know no other reason but this, that man is the neerest representation to God, in so much as the scripture saith, "He made man after his own likenesse and image;" and they affecting, by reason of their pride, to bee as like God as they may, contend most seriously to shroud themselues vnder that habit.

But, I pray, tell mee this, whether are there (as Porphirius holdeth) good spirits aswell as euill? Nay, certainly, (quoth he) we are al euill, let Phorphirius, Proclus, Apuleius, or the Platonists dispute to the contrary as long as they will; which I will confirme to thy capacity by the names that are euerie where giuen vs in the Scripture; for the deuill, which is the *summum genus* to vs all, is called *Diabolus quasi deorsum ruens*, that is to say, falling downward, as he that aspyring too high was thrown from the top of felicitie to the lowest pit of despayre; and Sathan, that is to say, an aduersary, who, for the corruption of his malyce, opposeth himselfe euer against God, who is the chiefest good. In Job Behemoth and Leuiathan, and in the 9 of the Apocalips, Apolion, that is to say, a subuerter; because the foundation of those vertues, which our high Maker hath planted in our soules, hee vndermineth and subuerteth. A serpent for his poysoning, a lyon for his deuouring; a furnace, for that by his malyce the elect are tryed, who are vessels of wrath and saluation. In Esay a syren, a lamia, a serich-owle, an estridge. In the Psalmes, an adder, a basiliske, a dragon; and lastlie, in the gospel, Mammon, prince of this world, and the gouernour of darknes. So

that, by the whole course of condemning names that are giuen vs, and no one instance of any fauorable tytle bestowed vppon vs, I positiuely set downe that all spirits are euill. Now, whereas the diuines attribute vnto vs these good and euill spirits, the good to guide vs from euill, and the euill to draw vs from goodnesse, they are not called spirites, but angells, of which sort was Raphaell, the good angell of Tobias, who exilde the euill spirite Asmodius into the desart of Egipt, that he might bee the more secure from his temptation. Since we haue entred thus far into the deuills common-wealth, I beseech you certefie me thus much, whether haue they power to hurt granted them from God or from themselues? can they hurt as much as they will? Not so, quoth hee, for although that diuells be most mightie spirits, yet can they not hurt but permissiuely, or by some special dispensation: as when a man is falne into the state of an outlaw, the lawe dispenseth with them that kills him, & the prince excludes him from the protection of a subiect, so, when a man is a relaps from God and his lawes, God withdrawes his prouidence from watching ouer him, & authorizeth the deuill, as his instrument, to assault him and torment him, so that whatsoeuer he dooth, is *limitata potestate*, as one saith; insomuch as a haire cannot fall from our heads, without the will of our heauenly father.

The diuell could not deceiue Achabs prophetes till he was licensed by God, nor exercise his tyrannie ouer Job, til he had giuen him commission, nor enter into the heard of swine, til Christ bad them goe. Therefore, need you not feare the diuel any whit, as long as you are in the fauour of God, who raineth him so straight, that except he let him loose he can doo nothing. This manlike proportion, which I now retaine, is but a thing of suffrance, granted vnto me to plague such men as hunt after strife, and are delighted with variance. It may bee so

verie well ; but whether haue you that skill to foretell things to come, that is ascribed vnto you ? We haue (quoth he) sometimes ; not that we are priuy to the eternall counsel of God, but for that by sense of our ayrie bodies we haue a more refined faculty of foreseeing, than men possibly can haue that are chained to such heauie earthly moulder ; or els for that by the incomparable pernicitie of those ayrie bodies, we not onely out-strip the swiftnes of men, beasts and birds, wherby we may be able to attain to the knowledge of things sooner, than those that by the dulnes of their earthly sense come a great way behinde vs. Hereunto may we adjoin our long experience in the course of things from the beginning of the world, which men want, and, therefore, cannot haue that deep conjecture that we haue. Nor is our knowledge any more than coniecture, for prescience only belongeth to God ; & that gesse that we haue proceedeth from the compared disposition of heauenly & earthly bodies, by whose long obserued temperature we doo diuine manie times as it happens : & therefore doo we take vpon vs to prophecy, that we may purchase estimation to our names, & bring men in admiration with that we doo, and so be counted for gods. The myracles wee work are partly contriued by illusion, and partly assisted by that supernaturall skill we haue in the experience of nature aboue al other creatures.—But against these allusions of your subiltie and vaine terrors you inflict, what is our chiefe refuge ?—I shalbe accounted a foolish diuel anone, if I bewray the secrets of our kingdome as I haue begun ; yet speak I no more than learned clarkes haue written, and asmuch as they haue set downe will I shew thee.

Origen, in his Treatise against Celsus, saith there is nothing better for him that is vexed with spirits, than the naming of Jesu, the true God ; for he auoucheth he hath seen diuers driuen out of mens bodies by that

meanes. Athanasius in his booke *De variis questionibus* saith, the presentest remedie against the inuasion of euill spirits is the beginning of the 67 Psalme, *Exurgat Deus, & dissipentur inimici ejus*. Cyprian counsailes men to abiure spirits onely by the name of the true God. Some hold that fire is a preseruatiue for this purpose, because when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out, as it were of their owne accord, and the tapers are by degrees extinguisht. Others by inuocating vpon God, by the name of *Vehiculum ignis superioris*, and often rehearsing the articles of our faith. A third sort are perswaded that the brandishing of swords is good for this purpose, because Homer faineth, that Uliesses, sacrificing to his mother, wafted his sword in the aire to chase the spirits from the bloud of the sacrifice: and Sibilla, conducting Æneas to hell, begins her charmes in this sort.

*Procul, O procul, este prophani :
Tuque iuvande viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum.*

Philostratus reporteth, that he and his companions meeting that diuel which artists entitle Apolonius, as they came one night from banquetting, with such termes as he is curst in holy writ, they made him run away howling. Manie in this case extoll perfume of *Calamentum pæonia menta palma Christi*, and *Appius*. A number prefer the carying of red corral about them, or of *Arthemisia hypericon, ruta verbena*; & to this effect manie doo vse the jynbling of keyes, the sound of the harp, and the clashing of armor. Some of old time put great superstition in characters curiously engraued in theyr Pentagonon, but they are all vaine, & will do no good, if they be otherwise vsed than as signes of covenant betweene the diuell & them. Nor doo I affirme all the rest to be vnfallible prescriptions, though sometime

they haue their vse ; but that the onely assured way to resist their attempts is prayer and faith, gainst which all the diuells in hell cannot preuaile. Inough, gentle spirit : I wil importune thee no farther, but commit this Supplication to thy care ; which, if thou deliuer accordingly, thou shalt at thy returne haue more of my custome, for by that time I wil haue finished certain letters to diuers orators & poets, dispersed in your dominions.—Thats as occasion shal serue ; but now I must take leaue of you, for it is terme time, and I haue some busines. A gentleman (a frend of mine, that I neuer saw before) stayes for me, and is like to be vndone if I come not in to bear witnes on his side. Wherefore *Bazilez manus* till our next meeting.

Gentle reader, *tandem aliquando* I am at leasure to talke to thee. I dare say thou hast called me a hundred times dolt for this senseles discourse : it is no matter, thou dost but as I haue done by a number in my dayes ; for who can abide a scuruie pedling poet to plucke a man by the sleeue at euerie third step in Paules Church-yard, and when hee comes in to suruey his wares, theres nothing but purgations and vomits wrapt vp in wast paper. It were verie good the dogwhipper in Paules would haue a care of this in his unsaverie visitation euerie Saturday, for it is dangerous for such of the queenes liedge people as shall take a viewe of them fasting.

Looke to it, you booksellers & stationers, and let not your shops be infected with any such goose gyblets, or stinking garbadge as the jygs of newsmongers ; and especially such of you as frequent Westminster Hall, let them be circumspect what dunghill papers they bring thether : for one bad pamphlet is inough to raise a dampe that may poyson a whole terme, or at the least a number, of poore clyents, that haue no money to preuent il aire by breaking their fasts ere they come thether.

Not a base Jack-dropper, or scuruie plodder at *Noverint*, but vailes his asses eares on euery poast, & comes off with long *circumquaque* to the gentlemen readers; yea, the most excerementarie dislikers of learning are growne so valiant in impudence, that now they set vp their faces (like Turks) of gray paper, to be spet at for siluer game in Finsburie Fields. Whilst I am thus talking, me thinks I heare one say, what a fop is this! he entitles his Booke a Supplication to the Diuell, & doth nothing but raile on ideots, and tells a storie of the nature of spirits. Haue patience, good sir, and weele come to you by and by. Is it my title you finde fault with? Why, haue you not seene a towne surnamed by the principall house in the towne, or a noble man deriue his baronie from a little village where he hath least land? So fareth it by me in christening of my booke. But some will obiect, wheretoo tends this discourie of diuels, or how is it induc'd? Forsooth, if thou wilt needs know my reson, this it is. I bring Pierce Penillesse to question with the diuel, as a yong nouice would talke with a great trauailer, who, carying an Englishmans appetite to enquire of news, will be sure to make what vse of him he may, and not leaue any thing vnaskt, that he can resolute him of. If, then, the diuell be tedious in discoursing, impute it to Pierce Penillesse that was importunate in demanding: or if I haue not made him so secret or subtill in his art, as diuels are wont, let that of Lactantius be mine excuse, *lib 2, cap 16 de Origenis errore*, when he saith the diuels haue no power to lie to a just man; and if they abiure them by the maiesty of the high God, they will not onely confesse themselves to be diuels, but also tell their names as they are. *Deus bone!* what a vaine am I fallen into! What! an epistle to the readers in the end of thy booke? Out vpon thee for an arrant blocke, where learndst thou that wit? O, sir, hold your peace: a fellow neuer

comes to his answers before the offence be committed. Wherefore, if I in the beginning of my book should haue come off with a long apologie to excuse my selfe, it were all one, as if a theefe, going to steale a horse, should deuise by the way as he went what to speake when he came at the gallows. Here is a crosse way, and I thinke it good heere to part. Farewell, farewell, good Parenthesis, and commend me to Ladie Vanitie, thy mistres.

Now, Pierce Peniles, if for a parting blow thou hast ere a tricke in thy budget more than ordinarie, bee not daintie of it, for a good patron will pay for all. I, where is he? *Promissis quilibet dives esse potest.* But cap and thanks is all our courtiers payment; wherefore, I would counsell my frends to be more considerate in their dedications, and not cast away so many months labour vpon a clowne that knowes not how to vse a scholler: for, what reason haue I to bestow any of my wit vpon him, that will bestow none of his wealth vpon me? Alas, it is an easie matter for a goodlie tall fellow, that shines in his silkes, to come and out face a poore simple pedant in a thred-bare cloake, and tell him his booke is prety, but at this time he is not provided for him. Marrie, about two or three daies hence if he come that way, his page shal say he is not within, or els he is so busie with my L. How-call-ye him, and my L. What-call-ye-him, that he may not be spoken withall. These are the common courses of the world, which euery man priuately murmures at, but none dares openly vpbraide, because the most artists are base minded: like the Indians, that haue store of gold & precious stones at commaund, yet are ignorant of their value, and therefore let the Spaniards, the Englishmen, & euery one load their ships with them without molestation; so they, enioying and possessing the puritie of knowledge, (a treasure farre richer than the Indian mynes) let euerie proud Thraso be pertaker of their perfections,

repaying them no profit, and gyld himself with the titles they giue him, when he wil scarce return them a good word for their labor. Giue an ape but a nut, and he wil looke your head for it ; or a dog a bone, and hele wag his tayle ; but giue me one of my young masters a booke, and he will put off his hat and blush, and so goe his way.

Yes, now I remember me, I lye ; for I know him that had thanks for three yeares worke, and a gentleman that bestowed much cost in refining of musicke, & had scarce fidders wages for his labor. We want an Aretine here among vs, that might strip these golden asses out of their gay trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with rayling, leaue them on the dunghil for carion. But I will write to his ghost by my carrier, & I hope hele repaire his whip, and vse it against our English peacockes, that painting themselves with church spoyles, like mightie mens sepulchers, haue nothing but atheisme, schisme, hypocrisie, and vainglory, like rotten bones lurking within them. O ! how my soule abhors these buckram giants, that hauing an outward face of honor set vpon them by flatterers & parasites, haue theyr inward thoughts stufte with straw and fethers, if they were narrowly sifted.

Farre be it, bright starres of nobilitie, and glistring attendaunts on the true Diana, that this my speach should be anie way injurious to your glorious magnificence, for in you liue those sparkes of Augustus liberallitie, that neuer sent any away emptie ; and science seauenfold throne, welnigh ruined by riot and auarice, is mightily supported by your plentiful largesse, which makes poets to sing such goodly hymnes of your praise, as no enuious posteritie may forget. But from generall fame, let me digres to my priuate experience, and, with a tongue vnworthie to name a name of such worthines, affectionately emblazon, to the eyes of won-

der, the matchless image of honor, & magnificent rewarder of vertue, Joves eagle-borne Ganimede, thrice noble Amintas, in whose high spirit such a deitie of wisdom appeareth, that if Homer were to write his *Odysea* new, (where, vnder the person of Vlysses, he describeth a singular man of perfection, in whome all the ornaments both of peace and war are assembled in the height of their excellence) he need no other instance to augment his conceipt, than the rare cariage of his honorable minde. Many writers and good wits are giuen to commend their patrons and benefactors, some for prowesse, some for policy, others for the glorie of their ancestrie and exceeding bountie and liberalitie; but if my vnable pen should euer enterprise such a continue taske of praise, I would embowell a number of those wind-puft bladders, and dis-furnish their bald pates of the perriwigs poets haue lent them, that so I might restore glorye to his right inheritance, and these stolne titles to their true owners: which, if it would so fall out, (as time may worke all things) the aspiring nettles, with their shadie tops, shall no longer ouer-dreep the best hearbs, or keep them from the smiling aspect of the sunne, that liue and thriue by comfortable beames. None but Desert should sit in Fame's grace, none but Hector be remembred in the chronicles of prowesse, none but thou, most courteous Amyntas, bee the second musicall argument of the Knight of the Red-crosse.

Sedney

Oh decus atque avi gloria summa tui.

And here (heauenly Spencer) I am most highly to accuse thee of forgetfulness, that in that honourable catalogue of our English heroes, which insueth the conclusion of thy famous Fairie Queene, thou wouldest let so speciall a pillar of nobilitie passe vnsaluted. The verie thought of his farre deriued descent, and extraordinarie parts, wherewith hee astoineth the world, and drawes all hearts

to his loue, would haue inspired thy foreweariéd muse with new furie to proceede to the next triumphs of thy stately goddesses ; but as I, in favor of so rare a scholer, suppose with this counsaile he refraind his mention in this first part, that he might with full saile proceede to his due commendations in the second. Of this occasion long since I happened to frame a sonnet, which, being wholly intended to the reuerence of this renoumed lord (to whom I owe all the vtmost powers of my loue and duetie) I meant here for varietie of style to insert.

Perusing yesternight, with idle eyes,
 The Fairy Singer's stately tuned verse,
 And viewing, after chap-mens wonted guise,
 What strange contents the tytle did rehearse ;
 I streight leapt ouer to the latter end,
 Where, like the queint comædians of our time
 That when their play is doone doe fall to ryme,
 I found short lynes, to sundry nobles pend,
 Whom he as speciall mirrours singled fourth
 To be the patrons of his poetry.
 I read them all, and reuerenc't their worth,
 Yet wondred he left out thy memory ;
 But therefore gest I he suppress thy name,
 Because few words might not comprise thy fame.

Beare with mee, gentle Poet, though I conceiue not aright of thy purpose, or be too inquisitiue into the intent of thy oblivion ; for, how euer my coniecture may misse the cushion, yet shall my speech sauour of friendship, though it be not allied to judgement.

Tantum hoc molior in this short digression, to acquaint our countrymen, that lyue out of the eccho of the courtes, with a common knowledge of his inualluable vertues, and shew my selfe thankfull (in some part) for benefits receyued ; which, since words may not counteruayle that

are the usual lyp-labor of euery idle discourser, I conclude with that of Ouid.

*Accipe per longos tibi qui deserviat annos,
Accipe qui pura novit amare fide.*

And if my zeale and duety (though all to meane to please) may by any industry be reformed to your gracious liking, I submit the simplicitie of my endeouours to your seruice, which is all my performance may profer, or my abilitie performe.

*Præbeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager,
Officium pauper numeret studiumque fidemque.*

And so I breake off this endlesse argument of speche abruptly.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 5, line 23, Divines and dying men may talke of hell, '
But in my heart her several torments dwell.]

This couplet, as stated in the Introduction, is found in "The Yorkshire Tragedy," 4to. 1608, attributed to Shakespeare, having been printed with his name on the title-page, and afterwards inserted in the folio volume of his works published in 1664. The lines had been previously taken possession of by that notorious plagiarist, S. Nicholson, who in 1600 printed a small volume, which he called "Acolastus his Afterwitte." They there stand as follows:—

"If on the earth there may be found a hell,
Within my soule her several torments dwell."

"Acolastus his Afterwitte" is made up of unquoted quotations from authors of the time, including Shakespeare, from whose "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" S. N. borrowed, or rather *stole* largely.

Page 7, line 12, the exployts of Untrusse.] It appears, from the original letter by Nash, which is printed in the "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage" (i. 303), that Anthony Munday was the writer of this ballad of "Untruss." "O, it is detestable (says Nash, writing to Sir Robert Cotton) and abhominable, far worse then Munday's ballet of Untrusse, or Gillian of Braynford's Will." The whole letter is a very curious and valuable relic of the time: no doubt there was some "pamphlet in praise of pudding pricks," and "a treatise of Tom Thumb," printed about the same date.

Page 8, line 17, I, I, wele giue loosers leaue to talke.] It must be borne in mind that the affirmative *Ay* was almost invariably expressed by a capital *I* at the period when this tract was printed. In a passage in "Romeo and Juliet" (act iii. sc. 2), it is necessary to preserve the old spelling in this respect, in consequence of the play upon the "bare vowel" *I*.

"Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice," &c.

Page 11, line 7, a short thrid-bare gowne on his backe, fac't with moath-eaten budge.] *Budge* was a common kind of fur, often mentioned in our old writers. Stowe, in his "Survey," informs us that Budge-row was so called "of budge fur, and of the skimmers dwelling there." Thoms's Edit. p. 94. Ben Jonson, in his "Bartholomew Fair" (act i. sc. 1), speaks of the "coney-skin woman of Budge-row."

Page 11, line 30, retyred me to Paules, to seeke my dinner with Duke Humfrey.] The allusions in our old comic writers to dining with Duke Humphrey, in the walks of St. Paul's Church, are almost endless. In W. Rowley's "Match at Midnight," act ii. sc. i., Jarvis inquires, "Are they none of Duke Humfreys furies? do you think they devised this plot in Pauls to get a dinner?" See also Bishop Hall's Satires, 1597 (sat. 7), G. Harvey's "Four Letters," &c. 1592, Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook," 1609, &c. &c.

Page 12, line 14, A knight of the post, quoth he.] A knight of the post was a person who received money for giving bail for a debtor, or other party in custody. The term was sometimes used for a cheat generally. To the particular personage employed by Nash on this occasion, his contemporary, T. M., refers in "The Black Book," 1604, 4to. Sig. B 2.

"The blacke Knight of the Poste shortly returnes
From Hell, where many a Tobacc'nist burnes."

Nothing could be more easy than to accumulate similar allusions to these hirelings.

Page 13, line 3, Marquesse of Conytus.] Of course "Conytus" is a misprint for *Cocytus*, but it runs through the second and other editions of the tract. "Lymbo," afterwards mentioned, is the *Limbus Patrum*, where the patriarchs, &c., were supposed to be confined until they were set at liberty on the descent of the Saviour. Lymbo, or Limbo, was often used as the cant word for any prison or place of durance. See Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," act v. sc. 3.

Page 14, line 6, I knowe a great sort of good fellows.] i. e. a great *company* of good fellows: "sort" is perpetually used in the sense of *collection*, or company, in our old writers.

Page 14, line 15, set in onion skind jackets.] This is the reading of the second edition: the first has "set in *onions kind* jackets."

Page 14, line 23, with angle hookes instead of aglets.] Aglets, properly *aiguillettes*, were the ends or tags of strings used to fasten or sustain dress. These tags sometimes represented small figures, and hence Grumio's "aglet baby," in "The Taming of the Shrew," act i. sc. 2.

Page 14, line 28, bumbasted they were, like beer barrels.] It was the

fashion of the time to stuff out the lower part of the dress of men with cotton, wool, or horse-hair. Hence, in "Henry IV.," part i., Prince Henry calls Falstaff "my sweet creature of bombast"—act ii. sc. 4.

Page 15, line 4, and a sarjants mace in his mouth.] A *bailiff*, at the date when this tract was written, was called a "serjeant."

Page 15, line 19, in steed of oyle, to sayme wool withall.] To "sayme" is to *grease*. *Seme* is Saxon for tallow, or hogslard. In Welsh it is spelt *saim*. Shakespeare uses the word in "Troilus and Cressida," act ii. sc. 2.

Page 17, line 7, a squier of low degree.] "The Squire of Lowe Degree" is the title of an old romance printed by W. Copland, and inserted by Ritson in vol. iii. of his Collection of Romances. It is one of the comparatively few productions of the kind which was of English origin, though perhaps they are more numerous than Ritson imagined.

Page 17, line 16, his spade peake.] Alluding to the cut of his beard, which was shaped like such a spade as came to a point, or peak, and not square, as they are now usually made.

Page 17, line 23, that hath beene but once at Deepe.] i. e. at *Dieppe*, as "Roan" above is *Rouen*.

Page 18, line 29, A young heyre, or cockney, that is his mother's darling.] Dekker, in his "Knights Conjuring," (recently reprinted for the Percy Society, under the editorial care of Mr. Rimbault, the Secretary) derives the word "cockney" from *cockering*; and in "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," 1602, one of the characters says, "I was at first like a cockney dandled."

Page 19, line 7, haberdine and poor John.] Poor John was dried and salted fish—hake; and "haberdine" was food of a similar kind, viz. salt cod—*habordean*, French.

Page 20, line 22, like the Barrowists and Greenwoodians.] Henry Barrow and John Greenwood were executed in the beginning of 1593, (6 April) very soon after this tract by Nash had been published. The interrogatories which they were required to answer with reference to their works and tenets, may be found in detail in "The Egerton Papers," (published by the Camden Society, from the originals in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton) p. 166, *et seq.*

Page 21, line 4, but a needle in his bosome.] This "artificer" was a tailor. Francis Thynn, in his admirable poem, "The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines," (Shakespeare Society's publications) from which Robert Greene took his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592, thus concludes his description of a tailor:

"He condescended soone to our request:

Then I, beholding him advisedly,

Sawe where a *needle* sticked on his brest,
And at the same a blacke thread hanging by."

Page 22, line 2, Mother Bunches slymie ale] Mother Bunch was, no doubt, some well known ale-wife of the time. In 1604 was published a jest-book, entitled "Pasquils Jests, mixed with Mother Bunches Merriments," and it was reprinted in 1629, with some additions, but with the omission a part of the book called "A Doozen of Gullies." Dekker in his "Satiromastix," 1602, introduces a mention of Mother Bunch.

Page 22, line 15, coystrells] i. e. properly *kestrels*, a degenerate kind of hawk, and metaphorically used for a *coward*, or a bully. Shakespeare uses the word in "Twelfth Night."

Page 22, line 24, and a good legge.] Probably, we are here to take "a good leg" for a *handsome bow*, the meaning being, that the seven liberal sciences and humble deportment will scarce procure bread and cheese for a scholar. "To make a leg" was synonymous with *bowing*. In "Timon of Athens," act i. sc. 2, Apemantus says of the servile guests,

"I doubt whether *their legs* are worth the sums
That are given for 'em."

Page 23, line 7, Uliesses was a tall man.] Tall in the language of the time was *bold*, courageous. Nothing can well be more common than the use of "tall" in this sense.

Page 23, line 22, a rebater.] Commonly spelt *rebatoe*, a portion of dress very much in fashion at this period, and often mentioned in "Patient Grissill," 1603, reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. It was a species of ruff much stiffened, and it has been derived by Menage, from the Fr. *rabattre*, because at first it was nothing but the collar *turned back*.

Page 25, line 6, wholly *compact* of deceivable courtship.] i. e. entirely *made*, or composed of it. The word *compact* is frequently so used by Shakespeare. Thus in "The Comedy of Errors," act iii. sc. 2, it is said that women are "compact of credit," or *made* of credulity. In "As You Like It," act ii. sc. 7, we have "compact of jars;" in "Midsummer Night's Dream," act v. sc. i. "of imagination all compact," &c. Afterwards in this tract we are told that Lucifer before his fall was "a cleere bodie, *compact* of the purest and brightest of the ayre."

Page 28, line 29, after the colour of a newe Lord Mayor's posts.] Alluding to the custom of painting the posts of the house inhabited by the Lord Mayor. The painting of the sheriffs' posts is over and over again spoken of by old writers. The latter part of the sentence refers to the pageants exhibited in the city on Lord Mayor's day, then the 29th of October in each year.

Page 28, line 31, if a painter were to draw any of these *counterfeits*.] "Counterfeit" was the most common word for a *portrait*, and a "table" for the canvass, or panel, on which it was painted.

Page 29, line 2, the ballet of Blue Starch and Poaking Sticks.] The name of any such "sin-washing poet" has not reached our day, nor indeed the ballad here celebrated. Blue starch was used for stiffening ruffs, &c., and seems to have preceded yellow starch, which was in the highest fashion in the reign of James I. Mrs. Turner, who was executed for being concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, was a maker of it. "Po-king sticks," or *poting* sticks, as they were sometimes called, were used in setting ruffs, and are often mentioned, especially by Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," 1583, 8vo.

Page 29, line 6, like a lanterne and candle man] i. e. like a watch man, who "went up and downe," calling upon people to hang out lanterns and candles for the purpose of lighting the streets. At Bridgewater House is preserved a series of plates of the "Cries of London," and one of them represents a watchman with his lantern and halbert, while over his head is engraved the following inscription, "Lanthorne and a whole candell light : hang out your lights heare." See the "Bridgewater Catalogue," 1837, 4to. p. 76, where a fac-simile of the engraving is given.

Page 30, line 5, tinne and pewter are more esteemed than *Latine*.] A quibble upon the word Latin, which was the name of a mixed metal, frequently mentioned with a similar play upon the word : "tin and pewter" seem intended to express money, as, indeed, they are used at this day. Long Lane, Smithfield, was a place full of brokers' or pawnbrokers' shops in the reign of Elizabeth and James I.

Page 30, line 11, Ploiden's standish] i. e. Edmund Plowden's, the great lawyer's, inkstand. Plowden died in 1585.

Page 30, line 23, said it was the foulest place he could spie out in all his house.] This story is told in Sachetti's novels, and no doubt in many other works. Sachetti tells it of the palace of a nobleman of Italy.

Page 30, line 27, a plume of the Phenix.] Here again Nash has been at the Italian novelists. This refers to the tale of Fræte Cipolla in Boccaccio, as it was reformed by command of the pope in some of the later editions of the "Decameron." In the original story, as written by Boccaccio, the plume was not that of the phoenix, but of the angel Gabriel, when he descended at the time of the Salutation.

Page 30, line 28, A thousand *jymians*.] I do not recollect the word "jymiam" to have occurred in any other writer : Shakespeare has "gim-mal" in "Henry VI." part i. (act i. sc. 2), and "gimmel bit" is met with in "Henry V." (act iv. sc. 2.) It would not be at all unprecedented if the

word "jemmy," an instrument now used by housebreakers, had as ancient an origin, for many old words are still preserved among the slang of the lower orders. Nash seems in the text to employ the word "jymiam" just in the sense in which we use *gimcrack* now. *Gimcrack* is at least as old as the time of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Page 31, line 32, Hey, passe, come aloft!] This was the ordinary exclamation of conjurors, or jugglers, in performing their tricks, and it is still often employed by the same fraternity.

Page 36, line 7, Tarlton and the rest of his fellowes.] At the date when Nash was writing, Richard Tarlton had been dead about four years, having been buried in September, 1588. The queen selected her company of players in 1583 from the theatrical servants of some of her nobility, and of these Tarlton was one of the principal, his reputation and popularity being most extraordinary. He is mentioned by almost hundreds of writers of the time. Before 1590, Queen Elizabeth had two associations of actors in her pay, both calling themselves "the Queen's Players." See Cunningham's "Revels' Accounts" (published by the Shakespeare Society), "Introduction," p. xxxii. The fame of Tarlton survived until the breaking out of the civil wars, and the suppression of theatrical performances.

Page 36, line 16, and make no more account of her cloath in his presence.] It may be necessary to observe that the players of the queen were at first regularly supplied with cloth for cloaks, that they might wear her majesty's livery. After some time the practice seems to have been discontinued, and an allowance was made in consideration of the non-supply of cloth.

Page 38, line 3, Not far from Chester, I knewe an odde foule-mouthde knaue, called Charles, the Fryer.] This tale is supposed to be founded on fact, and to relate to the person Ben Jonson has introduced into his "Every Man out of his Humour," under the name of Carlo Buffone: his real name was Charles Chester, which Nash disguises by laying the scene near Chester, and by calling the hero a friar.

Page 39, line 10, Cornelius Agrippa De Vanitate Scientiarum.] This work had long been translated into English, by James Sandford, under the title of "Of the Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Artes and Sciences," 4to. London, 1569. It was reprinted several times, and, when Nash wrote, it was very popular.

Page 39, line 11, a treatise that I have seen in dispraise of learning.] Such as the *Moriæ Encomium* of Erasmus, which was translated into English by Sir Thomas Chaloner, and first printed in 1540 under the title of the "Praise of Follie."

Page 40, line 10, one such rare poem as Rosamond.] By Samuel Daniel; first printed in the year when Nash's "Pierce Penniless" came out. It

was appended to a collection of sonnets by Daniel, called "Delia," and the work was so popular that it went through two editions in 1592, 4to. Only one perfect copy of the first edition of 1592 appears to exist; and it is to be observed that "The Complaint of Rosamond," as it is there called, contains no fewer than twenty-four stanzas not in the second impression of the same year. The second impression, however, includes four sonnets not in the first. The following is one of them :

My cares draw on mine euerlasting night,
 In horror's sable clowdes sets my live's sunne ;
 My live's sweet sunne, my deerest comfort's light,
 Will rise no more to me, whose day is dunne.
 I goe before unto the mirtle shades,
 To attend the presence of my world's deere ;
 And there prepare her flowres that neuer fade,
 And all things fit against her comming there.
 If any aske me, why so soone I came,
 Ile hide her sinne, and say it was my lot :
 In life and death Ile tender her good name ;
 My life nor death shall never be her blot.
 Although this world may seeme her deede to blame :
 Th' Ellisean ghosts shall neuer know the same."

Page 40, line 25, Silver-tongu'd Smith.] The marginal note shews that the Christian name of this poet began with "H. *Encomium* H. Smithi." We have relics of several English versifiers of the name of Smith, but not one of them was H. Smith. The most noted of the Smiths was William, who wrote "Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd," 1596, 4to. which was dedicated to Spenser. He is not to be confounded with Wentworth Smith, who was himself confounded with Shakespeare, on account of the identity of their initials.

Page 41, line 23, noble Salustrus.] i. e. William de Saluste du Bartas, with whose works Englishmen were beginning to be acquainted, as several of his productions had been translated by Joshua Sylvester in 1591.

Page 41, line 27, Chaucer's host, Baly, in Southwarke.] We are not aware that the name of Chaucer's host in Southwark has been handed down on any other authority, since the time of the author of the "Canterbury Tales."

Page 43, line 13, some tyrde jade of the presse.] Much that follows is directed against Gabriel Harvey and his brothers John and Richard: the former had named Nash "expressly in print."

Page 44, line 26, Tarlton at the Theater made jests of him.] Tarlton was famous for his extemporal wit, and a volume of his "Jests" has come

down to us, some of which are of this kind. The earliest known edition of it was printed in 1611. "The Theatre" was a place of dramatic amusement so called, at which Tarlton no doubt performed: it was situated like "The Curtain," another playhouse, in Shoreditch. An account of both may be found in Vol. iii. of "The History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage." See also Stow's "Survey," by Thoms, 1842, p. 158.

Page 46, line 14, the *vayn* Pap-hatchet.] Meaning John Lilly, Lyly, or Lily, for his name is thus diversely spelt, the author of "Euphues," 1581, and various dramas. The work particularly alluded to in the text is a tract against Martin Marprelate, called "Pap with a Hatchet, alias, a Fig for my Godson," &c. which was published without a date, but probably in 1589. It was at one time attributed to Nash, and it is written in obvious imitation of his satirical and oburgatory style.

Page 49, line 11, Doctor Watson.] This must have been the Dr. Watson who was employed by Queen Elizabeth in some of her foreign negotiations, and elsewhere spoken of by Nash, not Thomas Watson, the author of "*Εκατομπαθια*, or Passionate Century of Love," (printed about 1581) as we do not learn that he ever took the degree of doctor, either of divinity, medicine, or civil law. He died before Nash published his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," in 1596, and was author of another work, of even greater rarity than his "*Εκατομπαθια*:" it was printed in 1593 under the title of "The Teares of Fancie, or Love Disdained." It consists of sixty sonnets, but the only copy known (it is in a private library) wants two leaves, containing eight sonnets: we quote one of these productions, not only on account of its rarity, but on account of the remarkable simplicity and beauty of its versification:—

"Behold, dear Mistress, how each pleasant green
Will now renew his summer's livery:
The fragrant flowers, which have not long been seen,
Will flourish now ere long in bravery.
But I, alas! within whose mourning mind
The grafts of grief are only given to grow,
Cannot enjoy the Spring which others find,
But still my will must wither all in woe.
The lusty ver, that whilom might exchange
My grief to joy, and my delight increase,
Springs now elsewhere, and shows to me but strange:
My winters woe, therefore, can never cease.
In other coasts his sun doth clearly shine,
And comfort lends to every mould but mine.

Page 49, line 34, to the *provant* of the Low Countries.] "*Provant*" means

the provision or rations dealt out to the army, the scantiness and quality of which, in the Low Countries, Nash contrasts with the flesh-pots of Egypt. "Provant" was sometimes applied to the dress and weapons with which the soldiers were furnished: thus we hear of "provant sword" and "provant breeches" in Massinger and Middleton. The word occurs in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and in many other writers of his time.

Page 50, line 17, No I doo it, my friend, that I may not be carefull for the morrow.] A story, with precisely the same point, is contained in "The Schoolmaster or Teacher of Table Phylosophie," 4to. 1576 and 1583, attributed to Thomas Twyne. It there runs as follows:—

"Phillip King of Fraunce having certaine poore priests with him at his table at dinner, perceived one, that sate farthest off at the borde's end, conveying an whole capon into his pocket: when dinner was ended the king called him aside, and enquired of him secretly what he studied? who answered, divinity. Why, said the king, is it not written in the Scriptures that you should not be carefull for meat against the morrow? Yea, said the Priest, and, therefore, because I would put away all carefulnes I have done this thing."

Page 51, line 29, The *dorter* staires.] i. e. the *dormitory* stairs. It is sometimes spelt *dorture*, and is a contraction of the Latin *dormitura*. The French write it *dortoir*.

Page 52, line 3, keepe aloofe at *Pancredge*.] So *Pancras* used formerly to be sometimes spelt.

Page 52, line 7, in their *snaphaunce* bags.] A *snaphaunce* was a species of firelock, from the German *schnaphans*. We probably procured the weapon from Germany.

Page 52, line 24, drinke *super nagulum*, &c.] Nash uses some of these drinking exclamations in his "Summers Last Will and Testament," 1600 (Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. ix. p. 49). "*A vous, monsieur Winter, a frolick upsey freeze, cross ho! super nagulum.*" "Frolick" and "upsey freeze" were no doubt introduced from Friesland. *Super nagulum* is used by Ben Jonson, or by his assistant, in "The Case is Alter'd," 1609, act iv. sc. 3, and is a corruption (as Nash, in fact, explains in his marginal note) of *super ungulam*.

Page 52, line 29, a *princookes*.] Or a *princox*, was a coxcomb.

Page 53, line 17, Clim of the Clough.] The names by which Nash from time to time addresses the devil, are generally applicable and easily understood: but why he should call him "Clim of the Clough" is not so clear. Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie, were all famous archers, as we know by the celebrated ballad. The Devil is not usually represented as skilful with the bow, though his minister Death bears it,

and uses it with unerring aim. Hence the beautiful apologue, in so many languages, of Cupid and Death changing arrows by mistake, upon which James Shirley founded a dramatic entertainment, printed in 1653.

Page 54, line 6, that euery man should take his hoope, and no more.] Jack Cade was not of this opinion when he declared ("Henry VI." pt. 2, vol. v. p. 187) "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer."

Page 54, line 22, One of their breed it was that writ the booke *De Arte Bibendi*.] The following minute description of the ceremonies used in drinking a health is extracted from B. Rich's "Irish Hubbub," printed without date, about 1618. "He that beginnes the health hath his prescribed orders; first, uncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, he craves for audience. Silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breath out the name, peradventure of some honorable personage that is worthy of a better regard then to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time, amongst a company of drunkards: but his health is drunk too; and hee that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bow himselfe in signe of a reverent acceptance. When the leader sees his follower thus prepared, he sups up his broath, turnes the bottome of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie, gives the cup a phillip to make it cry *Twango*. And thus the first scene is acted.

"The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company; provided alwayes by a canon set downe by the Founder, there must bee three at the least still uncovered, till the health hath had the full passage; which is no sooner ended but another begins againe, and hee drinckes an health to his *Lady of little worth*, or peradventure to his *light heel'd mistress*."

Page 56, line 7, as Fol Long, the fencer, did.] We are not aware that the name of this worthy has survived in any other production of the time. Of course the event was well known, or Nash would have entered into more particulars.

Page 56, line 26, like a stationer that I know.] Perhaps Nash owed this "stationer" (whoever he might be) a grudge for not purchasing one of his pamphlets, and therefore immortalised, not his name, but his nature. At this date the term "stationer" included also the business of a bookseller or publisher.

Page 57, line 14, a *retchlesse* unthrift abroad.] "Retchlesse" is properly *reckless*, or *careless*. The word not unfrequently took this form.

Page 58, line 7, everie inferior Bezonian.] "Bezonian" is a word which occurs several times in Shakespeare: "Henry IV.," pt. ii. act v. sc. iii., "Henry VI.," pt. ii. act iv., sc. 2, &c. It is derived from the Italian, *bisogno*, need, or want, and Florio, in his dictionary, translates *bisogno* also "a fresh needy soldier."

Page 58, line 30, and so bid Atlante.] i. e. Atalanta: our printers were not at this date very careful in the orthography of proper names.

Page 59, line 18, some shallow-brayned censurers.] The principal antagonists of the stage, prior to the year in which Nash's tract was published, were John Northbrooke, who wrote about 1577, Stephen Gosson, 1579, Philip Stubbes, 1583, and William Rankins, 1587. Stephen Gosson's "School of Abuse," first printed in 1579, and afterwards reprinted in 1587, is one of the publications of the Shakespeare Society.

Page 59, line 20, the *idlest* time of the day.] The first edition of "Pierce Penniless has "*eldest* time of the day;" the correction was made in the second impression in the same year.

Page 59, line 24, how vertuously it *skills* not.] i. e. it does not signify; this idiomatic expression was in very common use.

Page 60, line 5, How would it have joy'd brave Talbot.] The paragraph thus commencing is supposed to refer to a lost play upon which Shakespeare founded his "Henry VI." part i. and not to Shakespeare's alteration and improvement of it. See Collier's Shakespeare, "Introduction" to "Henry VI." part i. vol. v. p. 5.

Page 60, line 12, anie *collian*.] Usually spelt *cullion*; but Nash's mode comes nearer the supposed etymology of the word, viz., the Italian *coglione*, a scoundrel.

Page 60, line 13, no immortalitie can be given a man on earth like unto playes.] Upon this point we may quote the following from B. Rich's "Fruites of Long Experience," 1604, 4to. "But I cannot altogether blame the carelesnesse of the world, in that it is become so sparing of good indevours, when there is neither reward for well doing, nor recompence for good desert; nor so much as a memorandum for the most honourable enterprise, how worthily soever performed, unless, perhaps, a little commendation in a ballad; or, if a man be favoured by a play-maker, he may sometimes be canonized on a stage."

Page 60, line 22, what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage.] This passage also refers to an old historical play on the reign of Henry V., which, in all probability, preceded that by Shakespeare. See the Introduction.

Page 60, line 32, a merriment of the usurer and the devill.] "A merriment" was the name for a species of ludicrous dramatic entertainment, in

which the clown or jester was principally concerned. Tarlton had his "merriments," and Kemp, who followed him in the same line of parts, also exhibited in that kind of performance.

Page 61, line 11, the circumstances of this play and that play.] It is to be regretted that Nash did not give us a few more particulars, and some of the names of the plays containing these instructive lessons. It would have afforded a curious addition to our early stage history. Stephen Gosson, in his "Schoole of Abuse" (already reprinted by the Shakespeare Society), enters into a few details on the subject, but they are meagre and scanty, as he seems to have apprehended that the persons he was addressing were so well acquainted with the matter, that it was needless to do much more than to refer generally to some of the principal dramatic productions of his day.

Page 61, line 14, Whereas some petitioners to the Counsaile.] The author here seems to refer to a particular remonstrance against plays and players, addressed by the citizens of London to the privy council. None such of this date has come down to us, but it will be seen, by reference to the "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Foetry and the Stage," vol. i., that about this time there had been some correspondence between Lord Burghley and the Lord Mayor of London on the subject of dramatic performances in and near the metropolis, and an attempt had been made to put down several of the companies acting under the names of different noblemen.

Page 62, line 21, common curtezans to play women's parts.] It is well known that in England no women acted upon our public stage until about sixty years after Nash wrote. It was made a charge by the Puritans against the players, until after the Restoration, that boys, disguised as women, performed the female characters at the different theatres.

Page 62, line 31, famous Ned Allen.] Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College. See this passage, and another from the same tract, quoted in the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. 7.

Page 63, line 9, if I ever write any thing in Latine.] We have no information that Nash carried this design into execution. If he ever did give the characters and habits of Tarlton, Alleyn, Knell, Bentley, or any other famous performers of his time, it has not reached ours; but, probably, like T. Heywood's promised "Lives of the Poets," it has utterly perished.

Page 65, line 6, our lord will cun thee little thank for it.] This idiomatic expression occurs in Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well," act iv. sc. 3, and in "Timon of Athens," act iv. sc. 3, &c. To *cun*, or, properly, to *con*, is to *know*; and the French have an equivalent expression in their *savoir gré*.

Page 67, line 9, Persie, beleene me thou shryvest me verie neere.] Why the Devil, *alias* the Knight of the Post, here and afterwards addresses Nash by the name of "Persie," we cannot decisively say; probably it was only the mode in which the fiend thought fit to pronounce "Pierce." To "shrive" a person was to *confess* them.

Page 69, line 5, The beare on a time, &c.] This elaborate apologue was of course much more intelligible and pointed at the date when it was published than at present. It had, no doubt, an individual and personal application. As Nash says in his letter to Jeffes, p. xv., he was not a man to pen an apologue in vain. It may be suspected, perhaps, that the bear was the Earl of Leicester.

Page 69, line 30, the nimble citizens of the wood.] Thomas Lodge, in his "*Rosalynde*," 1590, calls deer "*The citizens of the wood*," and Shakespeare, in "*As You Like It*," founded upon Lodge's "*Rosalynde*," terms them "*native burghers of this desert city*" (act ii. sc. 1).

Page 76, line 27, covered the land of Egipt with this monstrous encrease.] There is great confusion in the printing of this long sentence in the original edition, where a full stop is wrongly placed after the words "*Nature of itselfe can effect.*" The second edition reprints the passage exactly as it stands in the first.

Page 78, line 11, The second kind of divels.] This paragraph Malone quotes in illustration of the following passage in "*Macbeth*," act i. sc. 5.

"Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty," &c.

Malone observes that Shakespeare, very possibly, in this instance may have resorted to Nash's very popular pamphlet of "*Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*."

Page 82, line 15, I *raught* his head from his body.] i. e. I *reft* his head from his body. So in Shakespeare's "*Henry VI.*," part ii. act ii. sc. 3.

— "two pulls at once—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour *raught*."

Page 86, line 18, Tuque juvande viam.] We print this line, and most other quotations, as in the original edition, but of course it is given erroneously. In the second edition, the *Tuque invade viam* of Virgil is even more corruptly printed, *Tuque ju vande viam*, &c. As Nash's quotations are by no means uncommon, the reader will be easily able to correct them both here and elsewhere.

Page 87, line 6, certain letters to divers orators and poets.] To these letters Nash refers in his "private epistle" to the printer of the second edition of "*Pierce Penniless*," to which edition, as he informs us, he had intended to append them.

Page 87, line 18, a scurvie peddling poet to plucke a man by the sleeve at every third step in Paules Churchyard.] It is to be borne in mind, that St. Paul's Church-yard was at this date the great mart for new publications. It subsequently changed its locality a little, for Paternoster Row, but now it is dispersed over nearly all parts of the town.

Page 88, line 6, for silver game in Finsburie Fields.] Finsbury Fields were at this period the usual resort of the citizens of London and others to practice shooting with the bow. See Thoms's edition of Stow's "*Survey of London*," p. 159, &c.

Page 89, line 14, to be more considerate in their dedications.] This passage proves (and many others could be produced to the same effect) that authors of old obtained money by dedicating their works to the rich and powerful. The truth of what follows was no doubt often established.

Page 90, line 10, We want an Aretine here among us.] Nash was termed, by some of his contemporaries and followers, "our English Aretine."

Page 90, line 25, the true Diana.] Of course Queen Elizabeth, to whom Nash has before referred (p. 64) under the same name.

Page 91, line 25, none but thou, most courteous Amyntas, bee the second musical argument of the Knight of the Red-crosse.] It is not easy to decide whom Nash here and before means by "Amyntas." Watson had given that name to Sir F. Walsingham, but he had died in 1590; and Nash's "Amyntas" was obviously living, and pointed out as a fit person to be Spenser's second hero. It is to be observed, that in the second edition of "*Pierce Penniless*" Amintas is called the "mystical," and not the "*musical* argument," &c., as in the first edition. Malone (*Shakespeare* by Boswell, ii. 267) contends that Nash by Amyntas meant Ferdinando Earl of Derby. Possibly the Earl of Southampton, to whom Nash dedicates several tracts, was the nobleman intended.

Page 91, line 30, which insueth the conclusion of thy famous Fairie Queene.] This passage of course refers to the sonnets to various nobility, printed at the end of the first three books of the "*Fairy Queen*," 4to. 1590. There is a peculiarity in one copy of this volume, now before us, which deserves notice, because it may show that the addition of some of the sonnets was an afterthought. The last page of the main poem is 589. On 591 begins the author's letter to Raleigh: then follow commendatory poems, beginning on p. 596 and ending on p. 600. So far, we apprehend, is com-

mon to all copies of the edition in 1590. Pages 601, 602, 603, and 604, are occupied by sonnets to Sir Christ. Hatton, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Ormond, Lord Ch. Howard, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir W. Raleigh. Then, we have eight unnumbered pages, containing repetitions, in the following order, of the sonnets to Hatton, Oxford, Northumberland, Essex, Ormond, Howard, and Grey of Wilton, but including likewise sonnets to Lord Burghley, the Earl of Cumberland, Lord Hunsdon, Lord Buckhurst, Sir F. Walsingham, Sir John Norris, and the Countess of Pembroke. These unnumbered pages are followed by a leaf numbered 605 and 606, with sonnets to Lady Carew and to the ladies of the court on p. 605, and "Faults escaped in the Print" on p. 606. We have been thus particular, in order that individuals possessing copies of "The Faery Queene," 1590, may be able to ascertain whether they agree with that we have described, because the circumstances we have pointed out may not, in fact, be so peculiar as we imagine.

Page 92, line 17, That when their play is doone doe fall to ryme.] This simile does not seem very appropriate, because the rhimes with which the quaint comedians of Nash's time entertained audiences after the play was over, were what were called *jigs*, or merely ridiculous compositions intended to create laughter, and generally performed by the clown of the company with the aid of a pipe and tabor. See "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," p. 376, 378, for some account of these exhibitions. Tarlton, so highly applauded by Nash in his "Pierce Penniless," was a most celebrated performer of *jigs*, and some of those he delivered at the Theatre are still extant in MS. In the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 300, is a woodcut of Tarlton, playing upon his pipe and tabor.

THE END.

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